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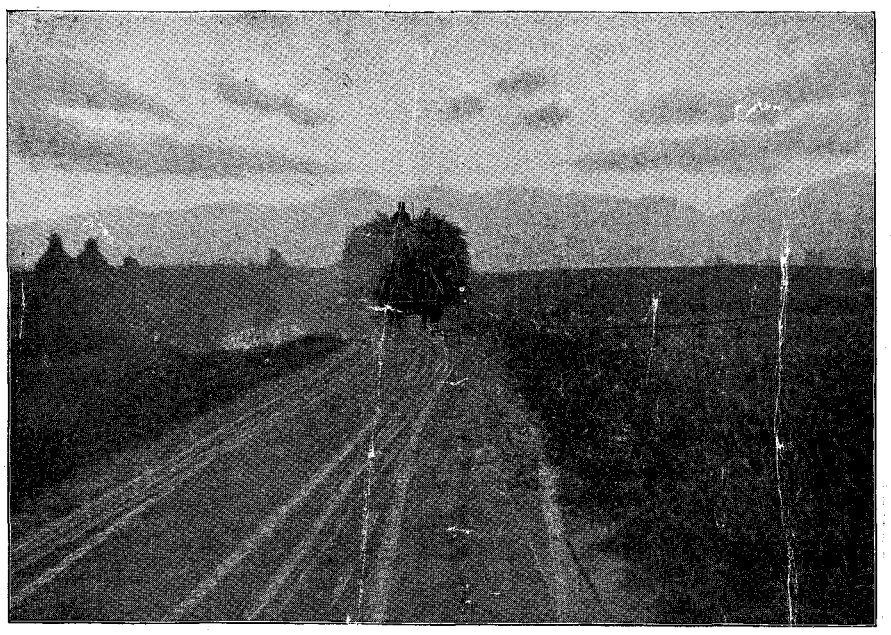

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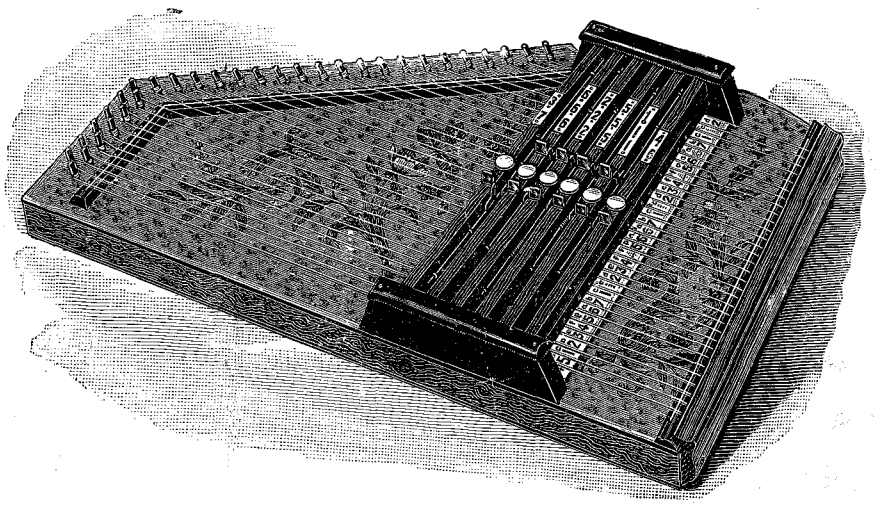

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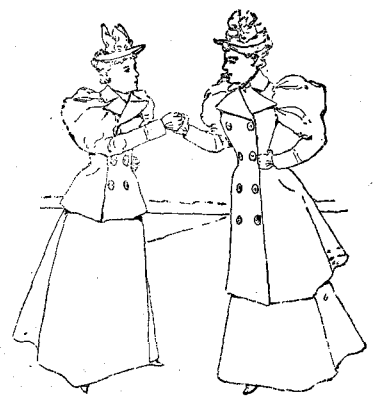

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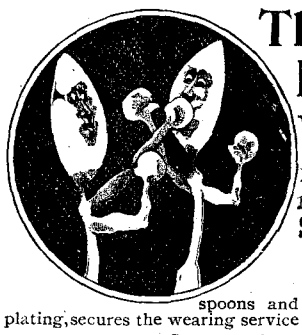

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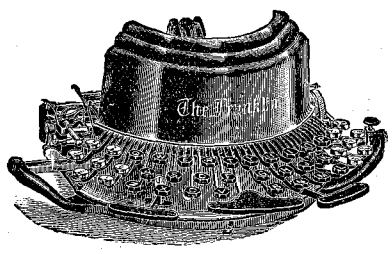

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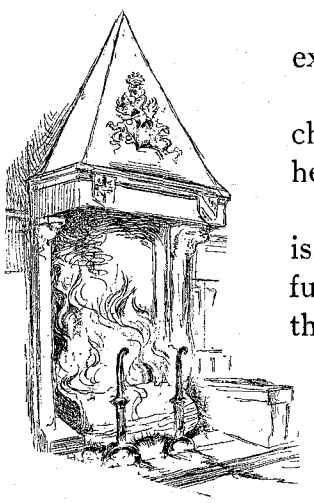

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No. 12 St. Paul St.,
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I know that it "knocks" chills and fever, from experimenting on one of my boys. And I fear to say anything further in its praise lest my friends should think I am a crank, or that I am interested in its sale.

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Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21, '93.

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Day by day, as I observed the marked improvement in my daughter, my doubts vanished. In eight weeks after the first application of the Poise my little girl was fully restored, enjoyed sound sleep, a good appetite, and is now in the possession of vigorous health; and as to her figure, there is no *trace* even that she had ever had the first stages of spinal curvature or la grippe, which causes it. I have recommended the Electropoise to many of my friends, and always shall, and I am glad to say, where my advice has been followed, and one purchased, good results have always come. Very faithfully yours,

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Old Wound

Gen. R. G. Dyrenforth, ex-Commissioner of Patents, whose recent interesting experiments in "Rain-Making" are so well known, used the Electropoise for an old gun-shot wound.

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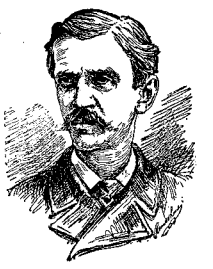

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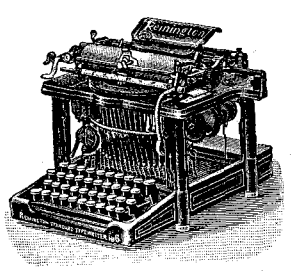

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 17 November, 1894 Number 20

THE Republican victory on Tuesday of last week may be described as Charles Dudley Warner described the growth of Chicago. It not only exceeded what the Republican managers expected, but even what they said they expected. When Chairman Babcock, of the Congressional Campaign Committee, predicted that the Democratic majority of nearly two to one in the present House would give place to a substantial Republican majority, it was regarded as a typical campaign prophecy. Not in his most jubilant moments, probably, did Chairman Babcock dream of the Republican majority of more than two to one which has actually been elected. From the twenty-nine Northern States only thirteen Democratic Congressmen are returned, and for the three of these chosen in Ohio the Democrats are indebted to the Republican gerrymander of the State, which aimed to make five districts overwhelmingly Democratic in order to secure the other seventeen to the Republicans. That such an overturn should be possible and the Nation not be conscious of it in advance demands explanation; and the explanation lies in the difference between majorities and votes. In 1892 a vast minority consisting of Republican voters was unrepresented; in 1894 a Democratic minority almost as great is unrepresented. Were minorities represented with mathematical exactness, the present House of Representatives would stand:

Rep.	Dem.	Peo.	Pro.
153 [now 127]	164 [218]	31 [11]	8 [0]

And in the newly elected House the parties would stand:

Rep.	Dem.	Peo.	Pro.
165 [now probably 245]	135 [100]	44 [11]	8 [0]

For such a change no one would have been unprepared; and the fact that there is still in this country, in this year of business depression and of Democratic failure to perform pledges, a Democratic vote but one-fifth less than the Republican, proves that another election may, perhaps, witness another overturn.

❀

It is not true, however, as some of the Democratic papers are claiming, that the changes of this year are due entirely to the "stay-at-home vote" of Democrats, and that the party retains its integrity. Never in the history of the two great parties have so many members of the one voted the ticket of the other. Usually in Congressional elections there is in both parties a falling off of more than one-eighth from the vote in the previous Presidential election. Yet this year in New York State the Republican vote was eighty thousand greater than in 1892, while the total Democratic vote (Hill and Wheeler) was ninety thousand less, and the "regular" Democratic vote—that cast for Mr. Hill—was one hundred and twenty thousand less. In Pennsylvania also the Republican vote, instead of falling off, was fifty thousand greater than in the Presidential election, while the Democratic vote again fell one hundred and twenty thousand. It is absurd to suppose that every one of the "stay-at-homes" was a Democrat, and it is probable that as many Democrats made their protests by voting against their party as by refusing to vote. It is true that no other States show such positive gains for the Republican party as New York and Pennsylvania. Yet that party appears to have polled quite as many votes as in 1892, though there was a falling off of ten per cent. in the total vote polled. This total vote cannot as yet be given with exactness, as the returns from many States even in the local papers give only the pluralities. But, as nearly as can be figured, the vote this year as compared with 1892 was as follows:

	Rep.	Dem.	Peo.	Pro.
1894....	5,100,000	4,100,000	1,350,000	250,000
1892....	5,175,000	5,554,000	1,042,000	263,000

In other words, the Republican and Prohibition vote each held its own, while the People's party gained three hundred thousand, and the Democrats lost nearly a million and a half.

❀

John W. Goff

These gains and losses had, however, a distinctly sectional distribution. The positive Republican gains, as has been indicated, were chiefly in the Eastern States. The greatest gain made in any one quarter, as every one knows, was in New York City, and in this city it was in the Tammany Gibraltar, the tenement-house regions south of Fourteenth Street. In the city at large Mr. Hill had a plurality of less than three thousand, while Mr. Strong, the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor, had a plurality of forty-two thousand, and Mr. Goff—the right hand of Dr. Parkhurst in the arraignment of municipal corruption—had a plurality of fifty-two thousand over Recorder Smyth, his Tammany opponent. It was a noteworthy fact that Mr. Goff ran most ahead of his ticket in the tenement-house wards. In New Jersey and in Delaware the Republicans carried every Congressional district, and secured United States Senators to succeed Mr. McPherson (Dem.), and Mr. Higgins (Rep.). In Pennsylvania, as has been indicated, the Republican majority exceeded by one hundred thousand the "deluge" mark of last year. In Maryland the Republicans captured half the Congressional districts. In all this section there was hardly any difference between the party platforms, except upon the tariff. Even the income tax was generally opposed by the Democrats as well by as the Republicans. As to the currency, both parties adopted anti-silver platforms, except in Pennsylvania, where the Republican

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platform favored a decided expansion, not to say inflation, of the currency. In all this section, the Populist vote, while greater than in 1892, was but two per cent. of the total, and only half as great as the Prohibition vote.

❀

West and South, however, there was a marked change in the character of all platforms and in the comparative strength of the People's party. It was least marked in the Central States (from Pennsylvania and Maryland to the Mississippi), though even here the income tax was nowhere condemned, and the currency planks (except in Wisconsin) were ambiguous where they were not distinctly friendly to the coinage of silver. In this section the People's party, though weak, gained a foothold, polling thirty thousand votes in the city of Chicago, and (unfortunately for its own reputation) making General Coxey second in the race for Congress in his district. In the old Southern States and in the States west of the Mississippi the platforms of all parties, with few exceptions, favored the free coinage of silver, and the Populists in nearly all States formed the second party. These two sections need to be separated in treatment only because in the South it was the Republican party which showed signs of extinction, while in the West it was the Democratic party. In the South the Republican party has fallen to pieces in all but the two States—Tennessee and North Carolina—in which there was always a strong white Republican vote. Even in Louisiana the revolt of the sugar-planters failed to carry a single district for the Republicans. Apparently the negro Republican party is no more. In Tennessee and North Carolina the Republican victories were gained with the aid of the Populists. In North Carolina there was formal fusion between these two parties, and the victory involves the election of a free-coinage Republican and a Populist to the United States Senate. In the West the Democratic party did not fuse with the Populists as in '92, but recovered strength only in the cities. The People's party made gains in its total vote, but not the gains expected of it. In Nebraska alone was its candidate elected Governor, and this victory was only won through the aid of fusion Democrats under the lead of Mr. Bryan, and through the refusal of the Omaha "Bee" to support the Republican nominee. In Minnesota, however, the People's party became the second party in the State, polling fifteen thousand votes in the city of Minneapolis. In Colorado and in Kansas the party lost, as was expected. In Colorado Governor Waite was practically defeated by the vote of Denver, which polled fifteen thousand majority against him. In California alone, among all the States in the North, was the Democratic party successful, and here its success was confined to its candidate for Governor, who conducted his campaign distinctly on State issues. The Republican victories in all of the legislative contests in the West give to that party a plurality in the United States Senate—the Populists holding the balance of power. These Senatorial contests were, from the standpoint of National politics, the most important decided this year. The Senatorial gains which the Republicans have made promise to help them throughout the administration following President Cleveland's, unless the adoption of an anti-silver platform by the next National Republican Convention alienate the twenty prospective Republican Senators pledged to free coinage.

❀

The trial of the referendum in New York State was highly satisfactory so far as results were concerned, but less so as an indication of a popular demand for direct legislation. The revised Constitution was carried by a majority of ten to nine, the reapportionment amendment by a smaller majority, the consolidation of Brooklyn and New York by an unexpectedly large majority in New York and an unexpectedly narrow one in Brooklyn, and municipal construction of New York's rapid-transit system by a vote of nearly three to one. The most important of these enactments morally was the adoption of the revised Constitution, which contains the prohibition of pool-selling at races, and gambling of every form; the most important politically was the adoption of the reapportionment amendment, which gives the Republicans the Legislature even if the State goes fifty thousand Democratic, and restricts the power of Greater New York if the vote on consolidation is carried into effect; the most important industrially was the vote in favor of the municipal construction of a rapid-transit system, which seems to secure to the general public in the future the privilege of untaxed transit from their business to their homes. So much for the majorities. When we come to consider the votes themselves, we find that on all the questions one-third of the voters failed to express an opinion, and on some of them two-thirds. This experience differs so much from that in California as to indicate that voters in the East care much less than voters in the West to have public questions submitted to them. However, there was this comforting fact developed by the vote: it was the districts with the foreign-born vote which most signally failed to pass judgment on the amendments. This means that the referendum furnished a sort of intelligence qualification, and that, while it failed to elicit the opinions of the entire public, it did secure the opinions of the intelligent part of it.

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Though Dr. Rice, in his volume on "The Public Schools of the United States," is doubtless just in characterizing the schools of New York City as the worst among the city schools of the country, there is one feature in which the New York public-school system is as pre-eminently good as it is pre-eminently bad in most other respects. Six years ago the New York Board of Education tentatively tried the experiment of conducting a course of free lectures in various schools to supplement for adults in the evenings the educational work done for the children in the daytime. The first winter 186 lectures were given, and the total attendance was 22,000. This was considered tolerably successful, and the next year over three hundred lectures were given. The total attendance, however, was hardly greater than the year before, and the Board seriously contemplated abandoning the plan. Fortunately, instead of doing this they engaged a man of ability and enthusiasm in this work—Dr. Henry M. Leipsiger—to give his entire time to the lectures and determine whether they could be developed. Dr. Leipsiger at once reduced the number of lectures to that given the first year, and set to work to secure men of real intellectual leadership as lecturers. Then, through the co-operation of the public-school teachers, each scholar was given programmes of the lectures to take to his parents. The result was that during the next season the average attendance rose from seventy to three hundred and fifty. Since that time the number of lectures has steadily increased, and the attendance has increased with it, until last year nearly four hundred lectures were given to audiences averaging more than four hundred. The plan of lectures for the coming season has just been issued, and among the lecturers are such men as Professors Boyesen and Sprague Smith, of Columbia, who take hold of this work from a belief in its intellectual value to the city in which they live. This feature of the work of the New York Board of Education is second in importance only to the free libraries established by school

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boards in so many cities in the West. A country in whose cities one-half of the men of voting age are foreign-born cannot limit its educational work to the children.

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The first important event of the week in China was the departure of the British cruiser Caroline for the island of Chusan, off Shanghai, where the Porpoise has already spent a week in preparation, it is said, for British occupation. Judged from either a strategic or a commercial point of view, the possession of Chusan would be invaluable to the great nation which has most of the trade of China's greatest treaty-port. As to the seat of war, the past week has witnessed a demoralization almost unparalleled among any people. The extreme end of the Regent's Sword promontory, separating the Gulf of Liaotong from Korea Bay, is occupied by that Gibraltar of China, Port Arthur, which is also the ordnance and quartermaster department of the Empire. It is reported that, after bombarding the fortress, the Japanese made a land assault, and the Chinese quickly surrendered. The garrisons of Kinchau and Talienwan (which occupy the narrow isthmus between the promontory and the mainland), numbering respectively three thousand and one thousand, have fled, after making a feeble defense. Finding their loss overwhelming, they abandoned their guns and stores, the infantry even casting aside their small arms as they ran. The Japanese loss was fourteen men. The last dispatches from Shanghai say: "It is reported that the Japanese force is approaching Niuchwang, and that the town is already panic-stricken. The officials are paralyzed. Hordes of half-starved and desperate deserters are arriving there daily." In the interior the stampede continues, and the Japanese are searching in vain for an organized body of the enemy. The conquerors have been welcomed with enthusiasm by the Manchurians, who see in them a deliverance from mandarin oppression. Minister Denby has been giving ample warning to Americans along the lines of Chinese retreat, instructing them to seek security in the treaty-ports, whither American vessels have been ordered for their protection. China is indeed in a pitiful position. She has been defeated by a people only a tenth as many in number. Her officials seem to be callous as to her fate, and are devoting their attention to personal peculations. Her great military men have all been found wanting. nor has any leader come to the front. It is, then, not surprising that China would like our Government to join with the other powers in intervention, pleading brazenly that she has always recognized the independence of Korea. Mediation, however, is a different matter, and it is thought by some that our Government would be willing to use its good offices in any way not inconsistent with our well-established policy; indeed, it is rumored that President Cleveland has already offered to mediate. Thus China, with true Oriental indirectness, seeks to avoid following the one frank course in suing for peace directly from Japan. After the latter power has settled her case with China at Pekin, she may then properly call together an international congress to approve her demands. Any interference just now, especially by that great colonial power chiefly interested, might well be met by the reply, "Hands off," from the young nation which has long contended against great odds, has but just learned its real strength, and, not unjustly proud in consequence, deserves to enjoy the full extent of victory.

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The disappearance of the old Liberal parties in Europe and the reappearance of the Clericals, with the Socialists as their chief opponents, already commented upon in these columns, continues to attract attention as a serious, if not a portentous, sign of the times. The Conservative reaction, accelerated by the waving of the red flag and by the great gains of the Socialists in various parts of Europe, becomes every day more marked. Even M. Clemenceau, the leader of the French Radicals, summed up the situation not long ago in the phrase, "With arms folded, eyes closed, mouths tightly shut, we slide on the slope of revolution." "Liberty" and "property" are the two words upon which the Conservatives are ringing the changes, and, so far as we remember, it is a long time since these two words have been put in juxtaposition. "Liberty" has usually been the cry of the Radical, "property" the cry of the Conservative; but the Socialistic propaganda is exciting genuine fear lest the liberty which has been slowly wrested from monarchies shall be lost under a new kind of tyranny. Fuller reports from Belgium make the victory of the Clericals in that country still more decisive. In the next Parliament they will hold 104 seats, as against 33 held by the Socialists, and only 15 by the Liberals and Progressists combined. In Italy the Government has taken the extreme measure of ordering the dissolution of all associations which are in any way affiliated with the Socialist party or have in any form adopted its programmes. Under this new order, in Milan alone fifty-five associations, including trades-unions, co-operative societies, debating societies, and clubs of various kinds, have been dissolved, while domiciliary visits have been made in great numbers and papers of all kinds have been seized. If it is the vice of extreme forms of radicalism to excite reactions, it is the vice of reactions to become tyrannical through fear. Nothing will be gained by confusing healthful agitation, criticism, and liberalizing movements with Anarchism or with destructive Socialism. If Italy is close to the edge of revolution, as a great many people believe, such an indiscriminate use of authority as the Government is now making is likely to precipitate rather than to postpone or avoid the crisis.

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There is no doubt that the real reason for the widespread discontent which is taking on revolutionary forms throughout Europe, and which is feeding the ranks of the Socialist party, is the pressure on the working populations of an exhausting military system. While the Great Powers have been increasing armies and piling up debts, they have been at the same time undermining the ground beneath their feet; while they are preparing to destroy each other, they have been developing an enemy far more dangerous than any against which they have striven to protect themselves. The disappearance of the Liberal parties probably means a sharp collision between the extremes of society, and that is the most dangerous form which the political struggle can take on. Militarism in an industrial age has produced the revolutionary party on the one hand and the reactionary party on the other hand. There is reason to believe that the great armies are no longer untainted by the spreading discontent. Recent removals of considerable numbers of officers in Germany are said to be significant of the spread of Socialism in the most thoroughly drilled army on the Continent. The spread of this movement in Austria is being brought about by the most careful organization and the most thorough agitation. All northern Austria is divided into sections and organized into clubs; books are furnished and lectures given, and the propaganda of Socialism carried on with enthusiasm. In Vienna, during the course of the last year, nearly a thousand public meetings were held. The burden of tax-

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ation necessitated by the Triple Alliance has reduced the Austrian laborer to starvation wages, and in these days men do not starve for such reasons without discussing remedies. In the Austrian Parliament there are at present, out of 353 members, only two representatives of the working classes. It is not surprising, especially in view of what has happened in Belgium, that the working classes are demanding universal suffrage, and that, because of the postponement of their demand, they are discussing other measures.

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Philip Gilbert Hamerton

The brief and unexpected announcement of the death of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, at Boulogne-on-the-Seine, France, on Tuesday of last week, brought with it a keen sense of loss to a multitude of cultivated Americans. Mr. Hamerton was only sixty years of age, and had previously been in excellent health. His death must, therefore, have been sudden. He came of a distinguished Yorkshire family; was at school at Burnley and Doncaster, and expected to go to Oxford; but, instead of entering the university, was drawn directly into literary and artistic work. In 1855, after various contributions to the press in prose and verse, Mr. Hamerton settled in Paris, where he made a very thorough study of painting and literature. Two years later he wrote "A Painter's Camp," the materials for which he drew from a residence in Scotland at Lock Awe. This charming book at once attracted attention, and has long been a favorite with the reading public. Taste and professional facilities alike drew Mr. Hamerton to France, and during the last thirty years he has resided for the most part at Sens, Autun, and Boulogne, where he died. While in no sense a great writer, Mr. Hamerton was an eminently intelligent, sound, and wholesome critic of life and art. He had a lightness of touch, an openness of mind, and a flexibility of nature and of style which were French rather than English, and which go far to explain the appreciation and enjoyment of French life and art which were so characteristic of him. Very few Englishmen have ever understood the French people so well as Mr. Hamerton, because very few have been able to lay aside so generally British prejudices and to see France from the French point of view. "Around My House" remains one of the most charming and intelligent bits of race-interpretation in our literature. It is a study of French provincial life which has opened the eyes of a host of readers to a truer understanding of French character. Mr. Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" has been a kind of *vade mecum* to a great many young people in this country, whose aspirations have been guided and developed by it. The books on "The Graphic Arts," "Landscape," "Imagination and Painting," "Man in Art," and "Etching and Etchers," indicate the catholicity and breadth of Mr. Hamerton's art interests. He has probably been the most persuasive and influential interpreter of art to English and American readers since the early days of Ruskin; and he always had what Ruskin has often lacked, entire sanity of mind. He was not brilliant, he did not delight in paradox, there was no eccentricity in him; he represented, in thought, taste, and style, a moderation which was wise without being narrowly conservative, which was open and receptive, and which made him preeminently a helper and guide in the life of culture.

Thanksgiving

Remote readers of The Outlook will receive this Thanksgiving Number on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, but nearer readers will receive it a week or ten days in advance, and its prompt arrival will give time for thought concerning a festival which is too often taken for granted. The causes for thanksgiving do not always lie on the surface. It is true that the proclamations of the heads of States find their special cause for gratitude in business prosperity, in large harvests, and in the preservation of peace, and these are all things to be grateful for. It is right and proper to rejoice in the comfort, the ease, and the facility for generosity which prosperity brings. It is right to rejoice in the widespread beneficence of great harvests; but these are not the only, nor are they the greatest, reasons for thanksgiving. Our conception of the real significance of the Thanksgiving festival is likely to be superficial, and therefore mistaken. The prosperous years are often the very ones which are fullest of ultimate disaster, and the disastrous years are often the years which precede the truest prosperity. A country may have immense crops and colossal revenues, and at the same time be dying at heart. On the other hand, a country may have meager crops and diminishing revenues, and be expanding into the greatness of a strength which it has never before possessed.

Nothing is more superficial or misleading than to judge ultimate tendencies and conditions by present appearances, to measure the prosperity of a man by the momentary success of his business, or the prosperity of a nation by its financial ease and comfort. Real prosperity lies infinitely deeper than these, and often comes through adversity. There are times when national wealth is corrupting the national conscience so rapidly that to be thankful for it is a kind of blasphemy; and there are other times when national adversity is purifying the national conscience so rapidly that not to be thankful for it is equally a blasphemy. A man ought to be grateful when his life is expanding in power, integrity, and usefulness, whatever may be his external fortune for the moment. A nation ought to be grateful when integrity, courage, and intelligence are coming to the front and are incorporating themselves in law, no matter what its commercial condition may be. These are the elements of real prosperity. It is infinitely better to belong to a poor and righteous country than to a rich and corrupt one; infinitely more inspiring to live the free, expanding life of the Greek in the early days of Athens, poor in means but rich in genius and all the possibilities of life, than to be a member of a rich, materialistic, commercial city like Carthage, without intellectual or spiritual significance in the history of the world. If we are intelligently thankful, we rejoice in the things that build up our lives, and not in the things that build up our fortunes. When we have learned this truth, we know that the most painful moments in our lives are often the most blessed, and that the most comfortable days are often the most unfortunate in their results. A man who is committed to a course of evil shrinks from the time when his sin is laid bare, and regards that moment as the crowning misfortune of his career. As a matter of fact, when a man is in the way of evil, the happiest thing that can happen to him is to be found out. Better a thousand times that he should suffer all the torments which come to a sensitive nature

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from a surprised and indignant public opinion than that he should go on, comfortable and undisturbed, deepening the degradation of his soul. Such a man should rejoice when his sin comes to an end, no matter what it cost him; he should despair when he is committed to the sin without the power of separating himself from it.

The eternal ground of thanksgiving is to be found in the righteousness of God, in the consciousness that under all human life there is a foundation which no man can disturb, and that life is so organized that no man can be happy, restful, or prosperous in doing evil; that at every turn he is smitten with penalties, and that real happiness and satisfaction are bound eternally to right thinking and right acting. These great truths, which deepen the significance of Thanksgiving Day and which make the years of trial and self-denial as rich, if not richer, in causes of gratitude than the years of ease and self-indulgence, do not need special application to public or private life at this moment. Both as a nation and as citizens we have been learning during the last two years some of the lessons of adversity. If they have taught us to care less for wealth and more for integrity, to value crops less and character more, to discern that the greatness of a nation lies in the compass and elevation of its life, and not in its commerce, its manufactures, or its farms, we have the greatest possible reason for thankfulness.

The Meaning of the Elections

In 1892 the people of the United States ejected the Republican party from power by an overwhelming majority, and put the Government in control of a party pledged to the doctrine that a protective tariff is unconstitutional and that a reform tariff levied for revenue only was imperatively demanded. In 1894, by a majority as overwhelming, the people eject the Democratic party from power and call the Republican party back again. What is the meaning of this counter-revolution?

Doubtless great masses of men are liable to reaction. The flood tide is always sure to be followed by an ebb. It was already certain in 1892 that there would be a greatly decreased Democratic vote in 1894.

The hard times have intensified the popular reaction against Democratic principles and the Democratic policy. Whether that policy produced the hard times is a question we do not here discuss. In our judgment, they were primarily, though not entirely, due to the monometallic heresy, but aggravated and localized by tariff agitation. But, whatever produced them, they existed. Thousands of capitalists found their incomes seriously reduced or wholly cut off. Tens of thousands of men were thrown out of employment. Nearly all products of labor were reduced in value; nearly all wealth suffered a shrinkage. The people invariably charge such calamities to the Government. Congressional legislation they can see and understand. Laws of nature they do not see nor understand. Whether rightly or wrongly, the people have charged the hard times to Democratic changes in the tariff. They were certain to do so. Under these circumstances the wisest and purest statesmanship could not have avoided a serious Democratic reverse this fall.

But the statesmanship of the Democratic party has been neither wise nor pure. It has been foolish and impure. There have been wise and noble men in the party; but they have not been able to guide its counsels nor to control its policy. The party pledged itself to bimetallism. It has done nothing to promote bimetallism; has not even shown that it knows what bimetallism is. It pledged itself to a well-defined principle of tariff reform. It has reduced the tariff; but upon no cognizable principle. It has made the raw material produced by the farmer free, and it has protected the raw material produced by great mining corporations. It has re-established the war income tax without warrant from the people and without previous public discussion. It put millions of dollars into the treasury of the Sugar Trust by a tax levied on one of the chief necessities of the people, and some of its most prominent leaders were subjected to a well-grounded suspicion of having put thousands of dollars into their own pockets by the same act and at the same time. It consumed weeks in dull and dreary debates while the country, which could have adjusted itself to any certainty, suffered from the uncertainty against which no business sagacity can protect itself. It fought its factional battles out before all the public, with a bitterness and rancor surpassing that between political parties diametrically opposed to each other. It made a football of the highest judicial office, and tested the strength of its rival factions by seeing which could down the other in a protracted struggle over the appointment.

While the party was thus dishonoring itself in the National counsels, it was suffering a still deeper disgrace in the political administration of this State. In Gravesend its ring masters were openly violating the ballot law and setting the courts at defiance. In New York City public corruption and police blackmail, long vaguely suspected and even openly charged, were being judicially proven, and in such form and with such publicity as to arouse public indignation in all classes, rich and poor alike. The act of the Hill-Maynard partnership, and the ratification of its act by Governor Flower, served as a demonstration that the methods of the Gravesend henchmen and the Tammany sachems were being adopted and employed by the highest representatives of the party in the State. And the Nation, as far south as Louisiana and as far west as California, rightly felt the disgrace as in part its own. It is certain that neither the inevitable political reaction, nor the effect of hard times, nor the aroused and indignant conscience of the public, could alone have produced so complete a political revolution as that of last week. It is not possible to estimate correctly the relative force of these three influences. But we cannot doubt that public indignation against political crimes was the most potent of the three. That this is the case is indicated by the figures given in another column, showing that the Democratic defeat in the West is chiefly due to Democratic absenteeism, while in New York State, where the main issue was the moral issue, it is due to a direct transfer of Democratic votes to the Republican party. The Democratic party has been held responsible for broken pledges, for factional fights, for Senatorial delays, for apparent public corruption in high places in Washington, and for proved public corruption in high places in New York. It has suffered a deserved and a significant defeat.

It is true that all the members of the Democratic party do not share the responsibility for the party's offenses. It would be palpably unjust to hold Mr. Cleveland personally responsible for the political methods of Mr. Hill, or Mr. Hewitt for the corruptions of Tammany. But in elections the people neither do nor can discriminate. They must treat the party as a unit, and judge it by the net result of its political life. And the net result of the political life of the Democratic party during the past two years is the Senatorial tariff bill—a bill founded on no

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principle whatever except that of protecting personal interests—the odious income tax, the Hill-Maynard defiance of popular will and judicial decisions, the Gravesend ballot-box stuffing, and the Tammany blackmailing.

The moral of the election is writ large—so large that a professional politician, though he were a fool, need not err therein. Public conscience is a public force in America. The political manager must reckon with it. It may be and often is somnolent. It may be and often is hoodwinked—for a time.. But it cannot be safely defied. And the politician who disregards it, and depends on corruption, management, wiles, cunning, is sure, sooner or later, to be discovered, and absolutely sure, when discovered, to be defeated. The American people will have none of him. The history of David B. Hill points the same moral that is pointed by the political histories of Aaron Burr and Benjamin F. Butler. The churches are a more trustworthy ally, in a long campaign, than the liquor-shops. Public conscience is a greater power than public corruption.

Honor to Whom it is Due

The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

It is difficult to realize the political condition of the Greater New York thirteen months ago. In Brooklyn the spasm of virtue which gave her an admirable government under Seth Low had been succeeded by a partisan reaction, and a corrupt and unscrupulous ring controlled the city and plundered the citizens. In Gravesend ballot-box stuffing had been openly practiced for years, and the fruits thereof taken without protest by both the great political parties in turn. In New York City the citizens despaired of ever delivering the municipality from Tammany, a corrupt, corrupting, and irresponsible club. The aid of the State was invoked by powerless citizens in vain, and some months later the Governor even vetoed an appropriation to pay the expenses of a legislative inquiry into municipal corruption, and went out of his way to give Tammany an official indorsement.

That to-day the boss of Gravesend is earning an honest livelihood in Sing Sing, that the city of Brooklyn has a municipal government of which it is justly proud, and which is administered not in the interest of any party but in that of the whole municipality, that Tammany is overthrown and an able and honest citizen called to the Mayor's chair, and that in the State Governor Hill has been defeated by the largest majority, with one exception, recorded in the recent history of the State against any candidate—all this is due, doubtless, to a variety of forces, but to no one man so much as to Charles H. Parkhurst. No braver figure has ever been seen in American history. By nature a scholar, almost a mystic, fond of his books, interested in intellectual and philosophical problems, averse to controversy of every description, with a feminine purity which makes all contact with vice and immorality unspeakably painful to him, and with a nature keenly sensitive to the opinions of honorable and Christian men, this man left the delightful seclusion of his library to plunge into a hateful warfare involving direct personal contact with disgusting vice, and to subject himself to the execration of the sinners and to the criticisms or the mild and semi-patronizing praises of the saints. In his war against vices which ought to be infamous, but which reputable citizens had for years suffered if not condoned, he stood almost alone for a period of more than two years, strong in his faith in a living God and in the power of human conscience. If some portion of the enthusiasm which finds expression in plaudits paid to him in this hour of victory had found earlier expression in support during the hour of battle, the enthusiasm would have been more valuable, and the pains and hazards of his campaign would have been less. Joining in the ovation to him now, we may be pardoned if we remind our readers that we have not waited for the hour of victory so to do. In March, 1892, publishing his portrait and accompanying it with an editorial, we wrote concerning him these words: "He is intense without being narrow, bold without being pugnacious, and spiritual without being ascetic. He lives in the nineteenth century, moves with its current, thinks in its thought, and speaks its language. The modern spirit in him summons him to the attack which he is making to-day against a corrupt city government; the intense spiritual life in him gives him the courage for this attack, for he really believes that the conscience of New York City is more than a match for its corrupt politicians, and that this conscience is not dead but sleeping." The municipal and State elections of 1894 have justified his faith.

The Episcopal Compromise

In a famous passage in his "History of England" Lord Macaulay sketches the origin of the Church of England and describes the composite character of its ritual and rubrics. We quote a few sentences from this description; the whole well repays perusal:

"To this day the constitution, the doctrines, and the services of the Church retain the visible marks of the compromise from which she sprang. She occupies a middle position between the Churches of Rome and Geneva. Her doctrinal confessions and discourses, composed by Protestants, set forth principles of theology in which Calvin or Knox would have found scarcely a word to disapprove. Her prayers and thanksgivings, derived from the ancient breviaries, are very generally such that Cardinal Fisher or Cardinal Pole might have heartily joined in them. A controversialist who puts an Arminian sense on her Articles and Homilies will be pronounced by candid men to be as unreasonable as a controversialist who denies that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration can be discovered in her Liturgy."

This compromise between apparently antagonistic principles is as characteristic of her ecclesiastical organization as of her services:

"The Church of Rome held that episcopacy was of divine institution, and that certain supernatural graces of a high order had been transmitted by the imposition of hands through fifty generations, from the Eleven who received their commission on the Galilean mount to the Bishops who met at Trent. A large body of Protestants, on the other hand, regarded prelacy as positively unlawful, and persuaded themselves that they found a very different form of ecclesiastical government prescribed in Scripture. The founders of the Anglican Church took a middle course. They retained episcopacy; but they did not declare it to be an institution essential to the welfare of a Christian society, or to the efficacy of the sacraments. Cranmer, indeed, on one important occasion, plainly avowed his conviction that, in the primitive times, there was no distinction between bishops and priests, and that the laying on of hands was entirely superfluous."

These two parties of which the Church of England has been composed have not always lived harmoniously together. Sometimes an Evangelical party has shown itself bitter against Romanizing tendencies in the Church;

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sometimes a Romish party in the Church, variously designated as Anglican, Catholic, and High, has insisted on practices which to the ordinary observer do not differ from those of the Church of Rome, and on ecclesiastical doctrines which do not differ from those professed by the Council of Trent—differ from those of Rome only in denying the later doctrine of Papal infallibility. Naturally, this Romish party has generally been the more exclusive of the two. The logic of its position has almost necessitated this. He who believes that the Church of Christ is an organization instituted by Christ on the Galilean mount, and transmitted by the imposition of hands through fifty generations, may look with tolerance, but cannot look with approval, on men who assume to exercise the functions of the Christian ministry without receiving this Apostolic commission. It is not, therefore, strange that the followers of Laud and Pusey should be dissatisfied with the position of their fellow-Churchmen who regard the episcopate not at all as a necessary condition of Christ's Church, but only as a convenient method for the administration of its government.

But they are now, as they always have been, grossly unjust to their brethren in accusing them of disloyalty to the standards of the Church because they refuse to accept the Anglican interpretations of those standards. It is very easy to pick out from the Prayer-Book certain phrases which were imported from the Roman ritual, and, ignoring all others, insist that all true Churchmen must conform to these phrases. It is very easy thus to formulate, and apparently to sustain, charges of bad faith against the Protestant clergy and the Protestant communicants. But this is neither just nor scholarly. For it ignores that composite character of the Church which Lord Macaulay has made so clear by abundant illustrations.

There are two courses open to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The two parties, united under one episcopate and by the use of one liturgy, may recognize the fact that both their ecclesiastical organization and their forms of service are in the nature of a compromise, and were intentionally made so, and that the Church is, and is intended to be, large enough for both the Anglican and the Protestant parties to live in together peaceably. If the unity of the Church is to be preserved at all, it must be by such a spirit of mutual respect. Both parties must recognize that the Church is a compromise and both must loyally maintain it. The Protestant must be willing that his Anglican brother practice auricular confession, bow to the altar, use candles, and delight himself in the faith that he has received a special supernatural grace which has not lost anything of its peculiar energy by descending through more than fifty generations. The Anglican must be equally willing that his Protestant brother should discourage auricular confession, regard the altar as a communion-table, and the Lord's Supper as a commemorative rite, not as a sacrifice, prefer the light of day to the light of candles, regard himself as a minister, not as a priest, and agree with Dean Alford that Apostolic succession is a fiction of which the New Testament contains no trace.

True union is impossible without mutual respect. So long as the High Churchmen denounce their Protestant brethren as disloyal to the standards of the Church because they adhere to the Protestant or Genevan interpretation of those standards, so long they not only prevent any reunion of Christendom by making it impossible for honest and loyal descendants of the Genevan Reformers to come into their exclusive fold, but do what in them lies to disrupt the Church which was founded on compromise, and thus still further disintegrate the Church of Christ, and add another to its already too numerous fragments. Such men are not catholic; they are schismatics.

Editorial Notes

—Governor Waite's desire to ride in blood up to the bridle of his horse is apparently further removed than ever from the probability of gratification. Colorado has deliberately turned away from the slaughter which would have permitted the Governor to gratify his inclinations. The carnage is indefinitely postponed, and there remains before the warlike Chief Magistrate of Colorado only the anti-climax of a life of peaceful occupations.

—One of the leading newspapers of New Jersey has brought before the legislators of that State the need of public action to preserve the Palisades. The agitation is a most hopeful one, not only for the preservation of scenery which it promises, but for the appreciation of scenery which it shows. The magnificence of the Hudson is simply a priceless possession of the American people, and States cannot act too soon to prevent individual proprietors from wasting this patrimony of beauty simply because their own land will yield more money as gravel-beds than as scenery.

—In the distribution of credit for the overthrow of Tammany Hall in this city last week, the energy and work of the women of New York will not be overlooked. The administration of government in a city like New York is practically housekeeping on an immense scale—the housekeeping of a community instead of a single family—and there was every reason why the intelligent and capable women of the city should make their influence felt in antagonism to an organization which was doing its utmost to rob that housekeeping of integrity, efficiency, and helpfulness.

—Those who pooh-pooh the Weather Bureau reports may not be aware of the extent to which captains of vessels heed the warnings as to coming storms. During the one storm of September 24–29 more than a thousand vessels, valued at over seventeen million dollars, remained in port on our Atlantic and Gulf coasts during the time for which the warnings were issued. During the next storm, that of October 8–10, over twelve hundred vessels, valued at over nineteen millions, remained in port. Most of these vessels would have gone out but for the warnings, and great damage would have been the inevitable result.

—The Outlook welcomes to the editorial fraternity of New York City the Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland, who comes from Philadelphia to take the editorial chair of the New York "Examiner." Dr. Wayland is a born journalist, and has added to native qualities those which only learning and experience combined can give. In theology he is essentially liberal and catholic, and will impart the spirit of a large mind and a warm heart to any journal which he controls. In social philosophy he belongs to the new and humane school, and in certain phases of sociology is a recognized authority. Far removed by the earnestness of his purpose from being a professional wit, he has that kind of spontaneous humor which enables its fortunate possessor to be in earnest without being prosy. Under his direction we may be sure that the "Examiner" will assume a new importance as the leader of the Baptist churches in a wise and conservative progress, fearless but not rash, catholic and kindly, but never hesitating nor ambiguous.

—Mr. Depew says that our kinsman across the water continues to be a serious person:

> "The airy trifles and grotesque exaggerations of American fun [says Mr. Depew] he does not take to kindly. To relieve the strain of the centerboard incident, I advanced the theory that, on account of the irritation felt by the English over the McKinley law and our tariff legislation, the British Government had caused the rocky reef to be placed in the channel which scraped the centerboard from the Vigilant. This was published in the Paris edition of the New York 'Herald,' and on several occasions I was taken to task by indignant friends over what they denounced as an infamous charge against their Government."

Upon which the London "Saturday Review," which, as everybody knows, is always right and always reminding you of it, in an unaccustomed attempt to be genial has actually made the slight slip of getting Mr. Depew's middle initial wrong. It calls him:

> "Mr. Chauncey P. Depew!
> Is it positively true
> That you found our native humour
> Quite corroborate the rumour
> Current in the sparkling West—
> Namely, that we never jest?
>
> "Mr. Chauncey P. Depew!
> Pity is our proper due;
> We are dying to be funny,
> But we can't, for love or money,
> Learn the royal road to wit,
> Save you kindly show us it."

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A Story for Thanksgiving

The Upsetting of Philander Jenks

By Sophie Swett

"WHERE be they? They're a-movin' 'round if they're alive. Leonidas Cram wouldn't never be satisfied 'thout he *was* movin' 'round." The man's voice trembled, and he jerked nervously at the stiff satin stock that encircled his thin and grizzled neck.

"Land, Philander! I shouldn't 'a' spoke if I'd known you was within hearin'."

Aunt Dorey Flagg leaned over the chopping-tray in her portly lap and wiped the clinging bits of citron from the chopping-knife with her forefinger, with an embarrassed air. "M'ria, did you hear?" she said, in an impressive whisper, as Philander, after holding up a kerosene lamp—not quite steadily—so that he might look at himself in the ancient mirror with a gilt eagle at the top, as he had done every Wednesday night for twenty-three years, went out of the great kitchen with the little hesitating shuffle that was peculiar to him.

"Was you speakin' about Lyddy?" said Maria, appearing in the pantry door. She spoke in a scared voice; she was a timid and appealing little woman, with an air of having been inadequate to the demands of life, but not quite resigned to failure.

"I never thought but what 'twas you that was standin' behind me. I never heard him come in," said Aunt Dorey, in dismay. "But there! I don' know as it's anything killin' for him to hear her name spoke. All I said was, 'Where on the face of the earth do you expect Lyddy 'n' her husband be? Come Thanksgivin' time you can't help thinkin' of them that's wand'rers 'n' that you won't likely never see ag'in.' He up 'n' answered me, Philander did, 'n' his voice kind o' shook. 'They're movin' 'round,' says he. 'Leonidas Cram wouldn't never be satisfied 'thout he *was* movin' 'round.'"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Maria, sitting down and extending her feet into the stove oven, with the air of abandoning herself utterly to astonishment. "He ain't spoke their names—or heard 'em spoke, so fur's I know—for twenty years."

"Philander's a man that's ben humored a dretful sight," said Aunt Dorey. "I some wonder at you, M'ria, you that's had a chance to find out that 'tain't good for men folks to be humored too much. I don' know as 'twas any worse for him to have Lyddy marry a man that wa'n't what he'd ought to be than 'twas for the rest of you."

"He set a sight by Lyddy, always," said Maria. "She was the youngest, 'n' she always kind o' clung to him. When she had the whoopin'-cough he'd set 'n' rock her by the hour; 'twa'n't a mite like a great boy. 'N' if there was anybody on earth that he despised, 'twas Leonidas Cram. He was good-lookin', Leonidas was, 'n' smart-appearin', but he was shif'less 'n' argyfyin'. He always wanted to argyfy on religion 'n' politics. He'd set in the store 'n' tell 'm how the country had ought to be governed, whilst his mother had to take in slop-work to keep things goin'. Philander he was always set, 'n' didn't care about hearin' nobody else's views, 'n' Leonidas he *would* keep argyfyin'. He never belonged to no church, 'n' never voted with no p'litical party, so fur's I know, but there wa'n't no time nor season but what he was a-holdin' forth. He wa'n't the laziest person I ever see; he'd keep takin' hold of something; first 'twas carpenterin'; then he picked up kind of an education 'n' kep' school over to Jordan's Mills; then he studied law, 'n' 'twas when he was a lawyer that he helped Ambrose Grindall get that timber-land away from Philander 'count of some flaw in the title.'"

"That didn't make Philander think any better of him, I'll warrant. Philander always did set by proputty," interpolated Aunt Dorey.

"You wouldn't hardly 'a' thought that he'd have the face to come courtin' Lyddy, right on the top of that, but he did," pursued Maria, in her reflective, reminiscent tone that was always slightly aggrieved. "'N' Lyddy was headstrong, bein' the youngest, 'n' always kind of petted, specially after mother died, 'n' wouldn't hear to Philander nor nobody. That was the fall before father died, 'n' his mind was a-weak'nin', but I don't expect he could have hendered it anyhow; he was always inclined to think that whatever Lyddy done was right. That was why folks was so surprised when he made a will 'n' left his whole proputty to Philander—the farm 'n' the woodland 'n' the mills 'n' all, 'n' not a single thing to Lyddy. We'd had our portions, Matildy 'n' I, when we was married, 'n' 'twas expected that the rest of the proputty would be divided between Philander 'n' Lyddy. When there was talk of Lyddy's marryin' Joel Sparks, Philander was for havin' the other part finished off 'cause he couldn't bear the thoughts of havin' her go away. He calc'lated the house was big enough for two families—'n' so 'tis, goodness knows—'n' they'd always live here together. Then he seemed to be 'lottin' on marryin' Eunice Wing, Philander did."

"'N' he's seemed to be 'lottin' on it ever since," said Aunt Dorey, with a dry chuckle. "M'ria, you don't suppose that Lyddy's marryin' as she did had anything to do with Philander's dilly-dallyin' about his courtin', do you? 'Pears to me as if 'twas jest Philander all over, 'n' he couldn't help it. He's slower 'n cold molasses, 'n' so dretful prudent. It don't 'pear to me as if he could 'a' courted anybody right up brisk 'n' lively 'n' took her to the minister 'thout backin' out; now does it to you?"

"Philander has got his peculiarities," Maria admitted in a reserved voice (Aunt Dorey, who had moved out to Illinois when she was young, brought a Western frankness with her when she came home visiting, that jarred a little upon Maria). "But it seems 'if something came acrost him when Lyddy went that's hendered him about everything."

"He could 'a' kep' her if he'd ben a mind to," said Aunt Dorey, with her uncompromisingly practical view of things. "He could 'a' divided with her same as folks expected your father would divide the proputty. Or he could 'a' let 'em stay. I guess Leonidas Cram wouldn't object to stayin' where anybody would keep him."

"Lyddy wouldn't 'a' stayed that way. Lyddy was proud. Sometimes seems 's if I couldn't stan' it, nohow, not to know what's become of her. She ain't wrote for ten years, 'n' that was from 'way off in Missoura; he was preachin' then, when we heard before he'd gone back to carpenterin', after keepin' store a while. 'N' Lyddy, she was tryin' to dressmake. That was the time that Philander up 'n' finished off the other part, 'n' I didn't know but what he was goin' to send for 'em; but he never done it."

"'N' you never asked him what he was a-finishin' it off for? Well, you *be* close-mouthed, M'ria!"

"We ain't the kind that talks a great sight," admitted Maria.

"'N' I expect Eunice Wing's the same kind," said Aunt Dorey, somewhat impatiently. "I never could get a nearness to her when she was young. 'N' she's let him shilly-shally 'round her, humorin' him 'n' makin' him crab-apple jell whilst she got to be a double 'n' twisted old maid, 'n' I expect jest about as cranky 's he is."

"I kind of think—" began Maria, and then hesitated, doubting whether the unwonted confidences to which she was being drawn on were not indiscreet.

"Land sakes, M'ria, 'mongst own folks!" said Aunt Dorey, impatiently.

"Well, I can't say certain—Eunice never said a word to

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me—but I kind of think that Philander's bein' so hard on Lyddy created a coolness between 'em. They was jest of an age, Lyddy 'n' Eunice Wing, 'n' they thought a terrible sight of each other."

"A coolness! Hain't he ben courtin' her stiddy for more 'n twenty years?" cried Aunt Dorey.

"He's ben to see her every Wednesday evening, 'n' he always sees her home from Friday evening prayer-meetin'," acknowledged Maria. "But that's only neighborly, 's you might say. He hain't never ben nigh her Sunday night, nor took her to ride, nor give her a present, sence father died. Something come acrost him then; he give up bein' deacon, 'n' though he's kep' his standin' in the church, he hain't never stayed to communion nor spoke in prayer-meetin' sence. Old Mr. Rynes, that was our minister then, he told me that Philander said he hadn't the right feelin's towards Leonidas Cram."

"Good land! if everybody that hadn't the right feelin's toward a shif'less, good-for-nothin' cretur like that should give up their Gospel privileges—!" exclaimed Aunt Dorey.

"Philander's real conscientious—if he is some set," said Maria. "He's got feelin's, too, though some thinks he hain't. It's wore on him about Lyddy; come stormy nights he walks the floor 'n' keeps a-peerin' out of the windows, as Aunt Nabby used to when she had folks to sea. Sometimes I say, without thinkin', what mother always used to say when 'twas dretful stormy—'It's a night for all the folks to be to home;' 'n' Philander, he looks as if I struck him. You see Lyddy was one to be took care of, 'n' Leonidas Cram couldn't even take care of himself. There's men—I don' know but full more'n there is women—that sheds responserbility jest easy as a duck's back sheds water; the Lord help the woman that's got one of 'em for a husband!"

"You was lucky, M'ria. I expect Nahum left you real well off," said Aunt Dorey, carelessly nibbling a bit of citron.

"I'm sos't to be comf'table," answered Maria, resuming her reserved tone, and opening and shutting the oven door in an embarrassed manner. "I wish 'twas sos't I could live with my daughter Emerline; her children ain't neither of 'em real rugged, 'n' she needs me dretfly," she added, the thinness of her voice degenerating to a gentle whine.

"I sh'd think 'twas a great pity if you couldn't!" said Aunt Dorey, with emphasis. "I shouldn't wonder a mite if 'twould be the best thing in the world for Philander to have you go. He'd get Mercy Todd to keep house for him, 'n' she'd make him gee, 'n' then he'd begin to think 'twas about time for him to have a wife that he could keep under his thumb. You take a man that hates upsettin' things, as Philander does, 'n' let his daily livin' 'n' his cretur comforts be upsot, 'n' it 'll fetch him on to his marrer-bones pretty quick!"

"When you've gone along jest so fer consid'able many years, it gets to seem as if you couldn't make a change," said Maria, plaintively. "I guess I know pretty well how Philander feels. 'N' it don't seem as if I could make up my mind to leave him alone. I expect Eunice is kind of settled down, too; she's pretty nigh to forty-five years old, 'n' she's jest got a new sett'n'-room carpet, 'n' her hen-house fixed up. When a single woman has got so fur along in years as that, 'n' has got her own things 'round her, all nice 'n' comf'table, she ain't so anxious to get married as folks makes out. Eunice hain't nobody to do for, 'n' she can live real easy."

"I shouldn't wonder a mite if she'd be happier if she had somebody that she had to slave for; that's the way with a good many women," said Aunt Dorey, sagely.

"It's real kind of lonesome sometimes, with only Philander 'n' me," pursued Maria, her thoughts wandering back to her own grievances. "Specially come Thanksgivin' time. We used to have such a houseful. I'd 'lotted so on Emerline's bein' here to-morrer, 'n' then her baby up 'n' had the measles. If 'twa'n't for your bein' here I don' know what I *should* do. It didn't seem's if I could put a mite of heart into the mince-meat or the puddin'."

"It *is* a time when folks thinks of them that's gone," said Aunt Dorey, with a little gentle sniffle. "But there! M'ria, the longer I live the clearer I see that the Lord is always to work fetchin' good things to pass. Sometimes it seems as if He was kind of jog-trottin', 'n' sometimes as if he wound the world up 'n' let it go without carin' about the bleedin' hearts that get mixed up in the machinery; but, in the long run, you can't help seein' that things are workin' together for good. After you've waited 'n' waited, but jest in the nick of time, after all, He fetches beautiful things to pass. I don't say it preachin', like the minister, but because I've seen it."

In the fitful light of the kerosene Aunt Dorey's plump and placid face shone.

"You always did take cheerful views, Aunt Dorey. Seem's if fat folks always could," said Maria, in an envious tone.

Thaddeus, the chore-boy, came in with an armful of wood, which he dropped into the box with a great clatter. A sharp wind entered with him, and the rain-drops were frozen on his coat.

"Gitt'n' Thanksgivin' weather—changin' to snow," remarked Thaddeus, sententiously, drawing his frozen coat-sleeve over his rubicund face. "Heard about the movin' that's broke down in Smoky Lane?"

"A movin' this weather, 'n' broke down! Thaddeus, what *be* you talkin' about?" demanded Maria, impatiently.

"It's jest as true as I'm a-settin' here," said Thaddeus, who stood by the stove, thawing out his frozen mittens. "A wheel come off; 'twas kind of a rickety old wagon, anyhow, 'n' 'twas muddy there in Smoky Lane. Nobody knows who they was, or where they was goin' to. Pretty poor folks they was, by the looks of their things. Hosy Clinch 'n' I, we went over 'n' took a look at 'em. The folks went across the field into Hink Bigbee's old house; there's a chance to make a fire there, so they won't freeze, if the winders is 'most all broke out. Hosy Clinch see 'em go, 'n' he said the woman had to drag the horse 'n' the man along, both of 'em; they 'peared to be all used up. 'N' there's the rain 'n' sleet a-comin' down like sixty on their beddin' 'n' quilts. She tried to carry some of 'em over to the house, but she couldn't seem to do it; she wa'n't bigger 'n a pint of cider, anyhow. Hosy said he had a good mind to help her, but he was afraid they was crooks or something—travelin' round that way the day before Thanksgivin'. Say, Mis' Scates, we had to have that big turkey, after all, for we'd sold the last one of the small lot to old Mis' Clinch, without thinkin' nothin' about it. I tell you he's a rouser!" Thaddeus wagged his head in joyful anticipation.

"It's jest the way, when we hain't got hardly anybody to eat it," said Maria, dejectedly. "Things always works jest that way with me."

"Them poor folks! don't seem as if there'd ought to be anybody keepin' such a Thanksgivin' as that," said Aunt Dorey.

"I expect they're some of them French-Canadians that got out of work when the mills closed down to Williston; they're goin' down to Mill Village hopin' to find a chance. It's a dretful night to be campin'-out like that. But there! them folks are used to hardships," and Maria, with a sigh, dismissed the vagrants from her mind, laying to her soul, as we all do, the flattering unction that other people's feelings were less keen than her own.

"I wa'n't certain that Philander would go down to Eunice's to-night," she continued, after a pause in which Aunt Dorey had stepped heavily across the room to the ancient sideboard and stirred her finely chopped citron into the rich mass that was to be to-morrow's pudding. "Eunice has got her brother's folks there from Orland, 'n' it'll be real upsettin' to him. She's always come up 'n' ate her Thanksgivin' dinner with us; they're all the folks she's got, 'n' they couldn't never come before because Laviny's mother, that died last summer, was bedrid'n—she couldn't leave her. I asked Eunice to come up to dinner to-morrer, 'n' fetch her folks, but she kind of colored up, 'n' said she guessed not; I expect she thought 'twould look too much like a family party. Must have been tryin' to Eunice, the way Philander's acted. He fidgeted 'round consid'able before he went off to-night, 'n' I 'most thought he wa'n't goin', but I expect he couldn't help goin', if there wa'n't

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no comfort in it; he is such a cretur of habit. I 'most wonder that Eunice should 'a' let her folks come, knowin' how 'twould put him out."

"Well, it does beat all, M'ria, to see how you curchey to Philander 'n' expect everybody else is goin' to! For my part, I'm glad Eunice has got sense enough to put him out a little. It'll do him a sight of good. I give her a little hint the other day that that was what she'd ought to do."

Maria paused in the act of shaking the pudding-bag out of its folds, looked at her aunt, and laughed a laugh that showed all the uncomely width of her false teeth and all the seams of her small, worn face.

"You're a real Western cyclone, Aunt Dorey," she said.

Meanwhile Philander was sitting, miserably ill at ease, in Eunice Wing's seldom-used parlor, where a fire had been hastily lighted. He had proved a wet blanket in the sitting-room, being quite inadequate to the demands of Eunice's riotous nephews that he should "play lion" on all fours, and helplessly irresponsive to Laviny's recital of the infantile ailments of her brood and her sympathetic suggestions concerning the trials of rheumatism and the hardness of the season through which they were passing for old folks.

Eunice lighted the fire in the parlor, but that sanctuary's unaccustomed splendors of beribboned tidies and picture "throws," plush albums and stuffed birds, weighed upon Philander's spirits, and Eunice's mind seemed dwelling to an unreasonable extent on "her folks."

"Hiram 'n' Laviny, they're urgin' me consid'able to go home with 'em 'n' pass the winter," she said at length, fingering the hem of her white apron abstractedly. "Laviny needs help with the children, 'n' she's got a lot of sewin' 'n' rug-makin' on hand, so I guess I should be worth my keep."

"It's—it's an upsettin' idee," faltered Philander, becoming an embodied Despair as he sat upon the slippery hair-cloth sofa and nervously smoothed his gaunt knees.

"It's kep' me awake consid'able for two or three nights," said Eunice, and her face, which was plump and fair in spite of its forty-five years, suddenly showed all its fine lines. "It's real hard to make up my mind. There's my horse 'n' cow 'n' my hens, 'n' Amasa Chick ain't real responserble, 'n' I should have to have new fast'nin's on my woodshed door, 'n' I've engaged 'Lias Kittredge to haul my wood, 'n' there's my Sabbath-school class 'n' the Sewin' Society, 'n' I should have to have a new cloak, for they're real dressy up Orland way, 'n' I'd 'lotted on wearin' my old one, 'n' I always depend on makin' a little winter butter—so 't makes it kind of bad. But I shall have leadin's." Eunice suddenly looked up with her usual bright and brisk manner, although there was still a little film of trouble in her eyes. "I 'most always do have leadin's."

Philander was very silent after that, and he went home at a quarter past nine, although it was his invariable custom to go at half-past.

"Poor cretur'! courtin' must be dretful tedious when it gets to be a stiddy job," was Aunt Dorey's comment, *sotto voce*, when Maria remarked upon the earliness of the hour.

Thanksgiving Day dawned white and sparkling, and in a blessed quiet after the turbulent storm.

"Good land! where's Eunice drivin' to so hilter-skilter, jest as folks are goin' to meetin'?" exclaimed Maria, "'n' with Amasa Chick's long legs a-danglin' out behind? Philander!" she called, opening the door—for Philander, looking "ten times barbered" and preternaturally solemn in his Sunday clothes, had set out for church, and Eunice had checked her "hilter-skilter" pace to speak to him. "Where's she goin'?"

"She's heard of some poor folks that's had their movin' break down in Smoky Lane. I was kind of calc'latin' to go long of her." Philander turned a perturbed face back from the gate.

"Well, why didn't you?" called Aunt Dorey, sharply.

"I didn't seem to speak of it before she'd gone along," answered Philander, meekly.

"If that ain't jest like Eunice, for all the world! I sh'd let the neighbors 'round Smoky Lane do for them poor creturs; though, come to think of it, there ain't none nearer 'n' half a mile. 'N' I was calc'latin' to go down 'n' try to persuade her to fetch her folks up here to dinner after all, considerin' the lonesomeness 'n' the big turkey 'n' all; 'n' I've been thinkin' of what you said, that it wouldn't hurt Philander to be a little upsot. I'll watch for her comin' back, 'n' we'll cook vegetables 'n' sauce enough for a lot—'tain't as if they wouldn't do to warm up."

Maria looked out of the window many times, and the forenoon was wearing away when she was rewarded by the sight of the irresponsible Amasa Chick driving in Eunice's wagon, seated between a man and woman, "as forlorn-lookin' creturs as she ever see," according to Maria's report to Aunt Dorey.

Maria threw open the door and called to Amasa Chick.

"Where's Miss Wing?"

"She's a-comin'," responded Amasa, with a half-melancholy grin upon his loose and lumpy features, and a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, "atop o' the load."

"Eunice Wing ridin' atop of a movin'! Well, I never!" exclaimed Maria. "'N' it's Thanksgivin' Day, 'n' she'll git along jest as folks are comin' from meetin'! She that's always been real respected 'n' lived in one house ever sence she was born! Why in the name o' common sense didn't she let Amasa Chick ride atop of the movin'?"

The preparations for dinner having reached that stage of progress which permitted a little relaxation of care, Maria and Aunt Dorey, with shawls over their heads, repaired to the woodshed window, from which the earliest possible glimpse of the coming wagon was to be obtained. It was long in coming; the church service was over, and Philander had joined them at the woodshed window—making occasional anxious excursions to the gate—and the huge turkey had been taken out of the oven, toothsomely browned all over, when at last the queer equipage came in sight—a dilapidated wagon, piled high with odds and ends of every description, a feather bed and a pile of quilts forming the seat upon which Eunice was perched, her face flushed but serene under the tall feather of her best bonnet—for Eunice had been dressed for church when she heard of the Smoky Lane disaster.

"It was too resky to let Amasa Fitch drive," she explained; "we couldn't get the wheel on so dretful strong, 'n' I 'don' know when the whole thing may go to pieces, 'n' this poor old horse has to be encouraged to keep him on his legs. Yes, I've took the poor creturs home. I'm expectin' to have a beautiful Thanksgivin'. Philander, you know I was expectin' to have leadin's. Well, I've got 'em!"

"Eunice, you fetch your folks right up here to dinner," said Maria in a voice of strong entreaty. "You hain't had no time to see to your dinner—'n' we're real lonesome, 'n' a monstrous turkey 'n' all!"

Eunice hesitated, and her beaming face flushed to the roots of her soft, silvering brown hair.

"I've got more folks than I had this morning," she said, tentatively.

Philander stood forth like a man.

"Bring 'em all up, Eunice—no matter who they be!" he said.

Eunice offered a chirrup of encouragement to the poor old horse. "I'll take you at your word," she said. "I guess there's no doubt but what it's the Lord's word," she added to herself.

Philander was evidently somewhat disturbed in mind. He took off his Sunday coat and then resumed it nervously, murmuring hoarsely—"Seein' she's goin' to fetch her folks."

"He spoke right up himself," whispered Maria to Aunt Dorey. "He can't lay it to me if he is upsot. Them poor creturs' things looked as if they was clean, anyhow, didn't they?"

Eunice drove the "poor creturs" up in her wagon, although it was a little way, and Hiram and Laviny and the children brought up the rear on foot. The man seemed very feeble, and Philander and Eunice's brother had to lift him from the wagon. His wife—she was a very little

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woman—shrank back and kept behind Eunice as they walked to the door; but on the doorstep she raised her eyes to Philander's, and they were, as he afterwards said, "them huckleberry blue eyes that only one person in this livin' world ever had!"

"It *ain't* you, Lyddy?" he said, quietly; and then a great sob tore itself out of his gaunt bosom.

"I wouldn't 'a' come a pauper if I could 'a' helped it," faltered Lyddy, "but there wa'n't any poorhouse where they'd take us; we hadn't gained a residence anywhere, movin' round so—though we hain't never been out of Maine! I got a man that was goin' to Missoura to mail that letter. I didn't want you to know till we got well off—"

In the midst of the joyful tears and kisses the man eagerly drew a piece of slate and pencil from his pocket.

"Leonidas has lost his voice—from a shock of paralysis—the doctor is afraid he'll never get it again," explained Lyddy.

Maria and Aunt Dorey exchanged glances surreptitiously.

"Now I believe the Lord does fetch things to pass!" Maria whispered, impressively. "Philander never could 'a' put up with him 's long as he was argyfyin'!"

At the dinner-table, in the hush that followed his asking a lengthy "blessing," Philander arose to his full angular height, and cleared his throat even more solemnly than he had cleared it for the "blessing."

"There wouldn't seem to be no fitter time for me to confess before folks that I've been a stiff-necked 'n' hard-hearted man," he began, laboriously.

"No, no, Philander, 'thout 'twas them stocks of your'n," interrupted Aunt Dorey, attempting to relieve the strain by a feeble joke.

"I hain't lied to men, but to God," went on Philander, resolutely. "I used undue influence with father, when his mind was a-weakenin', to get him to leave the whole proputty to me. I didn't want to get it away from Lyddy, but I had a grudge against—against some folks."

There was a comfortable feeling that Leonidas Cram, who could not speak, could scarcely be quick of hearing or perception; nevertheless, it was as well that Philander should be delicate.

"When father was dyin' he looked up to me entreatin', 'n' made signs," continued Philander, apparently finding it somewhat difficult to keep his stock in position over his Adam's apple. "I knew then, 'n' I've known ever sence, that he wanted me to promise that I'd divide with Lyddy. 'N' I never promised! I was so stiff-necked. But I've kep' a strict account. I've put half of all the earnin's 'n' gains of the proputty into the bank, separate, 'n' it's all there for you, Lyddy; 'n' the other part is finished, 'n' there's been a good home waitin' for you, 'n' proputty enough to keep you 'thout bein' beholden to nobody—"

Lyddy's sobs interrupted him—poor Lyddy, who was too worn and wasted with the misery of poverty and "movin' 'round" to bear calmly the joy of such a home-coming.

And Leonidas Cram took out his slate and pencil to indite his feelings.

"No, Eunice ain't goin' home with her brother," said Philander the next day in answer to Aunt Dorey's question. "She—she's had dif'runt leadin's. Seein' she's such a hand in sickness, 'n' she 'n' Lyddy always set so much by one t'other, seems 's if 'twould be fittin' that she should be kind of handy to the other part." Again Philander took heart of grace and stood forth like a man. "Comes kind o' sudden, but Eunice 'n' me, we're talkin' of gettin' married," he said, firmly.

We live together years and years,
  And leave unsounded still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
  Each other's depths of will—
We live together day by day,
  And some chance look or tone
Lights up with instantaneous ray
  An inner world unknown. —*Houghton.*

The Stolen Wand

A Thanksgiving Story for Young Folks

By A. G. Plympton

Jessamine lived with her two grandmothers and an old yellow cat, and often complained of her life as being what she called—using a word of her own coining—exceedingly *humdrumy*. Her mother was a dressmaker, and her business forced her to be away from home all day and often quite late at night, so that in the social life of the family she could not be said to count. There was also a raw Irish girl (not always the same one, though always of the same rawness) who was an important feature of the household, but not in the way of turning prose into poetry.

The grandmothers were alike in nothing except in being old. Grandmother Fairweather was a cheerful old body, interested in everything that went on, and not to be caught dozing in the chimney-corner. To be sure, on Sunday afternoons she generally took a little nap, from which she would wake up with a jerk, look about her in a guilty way, and then placidly remark, "This is the blessed Sabbath."

But one little nap once in seven days is hardly worth mentioning. She believed that the reason why Grandmother Grimkins slept so much was because she did not knit. For my part, I think a grandmother who does not knit is a failure.

If you inquired of Grandmother Fairweather concerning her health, she always answered brightly: "Oh, I'm nicely, my dear, nicely," but Grandmother Grimkins at such a question would shake her head and groan.

Both grandmothers could tell interesting stories of their youth, but they were true stories, and not the sort Jessamine liked. She often told the Professor (the cat had been so named on account of his reflective expression) that the grandmothers' stories were humdrumy, and she wondered that he could listen to them.

But the Professor, like the other members of the family, was prosaic and practical. He constantly exasperated Jessamine by the moderation of his ideas.

Jessamine was a very discontented-looking girl, with a mop of red hair and a frown. She usually carried a book of fairy tales under her arm, and when things went wrong in the house, as, owing to the absence of its mistress, they frequently did, instead of trying to straighten them, she always sat down and wished she were a princess who lived in an enchanted castle. Jessamine had often been told that such beings as fairies have never had an actual existence, but she inclined to Bridget's view of the matter, which was that they "don't be so prevalant now as they used."

It was Thanksgiving evening, and there was a little fire built for the grandmothers, who sat each in her respective chair on either side of the hearth. The old yellow cat, looking almost black against the fire-glow, sat between them, winking his green eyes and purring in lazy satisfaction. When a dog is pleased, he seems to long for human speech to tell us of his joy, but a cat is a more self-sufficient creature. For a long time the Professor paid no attention whatever to Jessamine, who was lying with her sleepy head on a cushion at Grandmother Fairweather's feet, not even noticing the sound of dish-washing from the kitchen, where her mother was busy. Occasionally she reached out her hand to stroke the Professor; but suddenly he turned his head and remarked—or so it seemed to Jessamine:

"If happiness can be found anywhere, 'tis by this peaceful domestic hearth."

"I think this peaceful domestic hearth is the most humdrum place on earth," answered Jessamine, quite as if addressing a human creature.

"If you had the wisdom of a cat, or even the talky-talky cleverness that passes for wisdom among your race, you would know that sort of life which you call humdrum is most favorable to profound meditation."

"But I don't want to meditate," objected Jessamine. What I want is *adventures*."

"Such as you read about in here," said the Professor,

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tapping the book of fairy tales with his paw. Well, if you will follow me, I'll promise you an adventure, with a capital A, which will perhaps reconcile you to a humdrum life."

Getting up, he stretched himself, with his fore paws flat on the ground and his hind quarters raised, and yawned tremendously. Then he shook himself and trotted out of the room.

Jessamine cast a look at the grandmothers. Grandmother Grimkins had been snoring violently for the last ten minutes, and, for a wonder, although it was in the middle of the week, Grandmother Fairweather also was fast asleep; so she crept cautiously after the Professor into the entry.

"There is nothing that so impresses me with the painful inferiority of mankind as the clumsiness of their movements," he whispered as they hurried along the passage. "One would think your joints were rusty hinges and your feet made of wood. Can't you undulate along as I do, instead of jerking yourself so?"

"No," answered Jessamine, unfastening the door. "I can't undulate worth a cent. Come along and don't bother."

It was a fine evening, bright with the light of the full moon. Unused to night excursions, Jessamine's heart beat rather faster than usual, and when her conductor entered the wood that loomed up so darkly against the sky, and whose shadows were black and thick, she suddenly stopped short.

"My heart flutters so!" she expostulated to the Professor, who replied, shortly:

"Well, go home and be humdrum, then, and your heart won't flutter."

"That's true," said Jessamine, realizing that this sensation is one of the accompaniments of thrilling adventures. "Go on; I'm coming."

Fortunately, as they proceeded her timidity wore off, and she became exhilarated by a sense of freedom, and was able to admire the strange beauty of the wood. It was of pine, and its floor was as smooth as a parlor carpet, so that they frisked along rapidly.

Often, before this, Jessamine had tried to summon courage for just such an expedition, in the hope of falling in with the fairies, who, she had read, were fond of dancing in the moonlight, and she could not help thinking that if ever such good fortune befell her it would be on this occasion.

They were now in the heart of the wood where the shadows were thickest, but the gloom was broken by flashes of moonlight as it sifted through the tree-tops or lay like golden lakes across little clearings in the forest. It was as they came upon one of these spots that Jessamine saw a sight that made her head reel. For in the lambent light of the moon was a circle of veritable fairies in all the wonderful sheen of fairy robes, and with glistening wings, whirling in the mad ecstasy of the dance. They were enchantingly lovely, with loosened hair waving over the polished surface of their white shoulders, and their slender limbs gleaming as they swung them to and fro in the moonlight.

Jessamine crouched down by the trunk of an old pine, hardly daring to breathe lest, frightened or angered by her presence, they should vanish away. She thought they looked like the good fairies who are kindly disposed to mortals, for their faces were soft as flowers and smiling sweet, and she was just gathering courage to approach them to beg a gift when she noticed that a heap of wands, probably thrown down before the dance, was within arm's reach.

Realizing that here was the opportunity of a lifetime, she picked up a wand, and, jumping to her feet, flew through the wood with the speed of a thief who believes himself pursued. If her heart had fluttered before, now it thumped and pounded against her side, so that by the time she reached the edge of the wood she was forced to stop and take breath.

"If I may be permitted to use the slang of the day," said the Professor, who came scampering out of some hiding-place, "that was the cheekiest thing I ever saw done."

"Anyhow, I've got the wand," answered the gleeful Jessamine. "No more humdrum for me, thank you. Now I must try it, and I'm going to change that little pine-tree into a Knight."

So saying, she danced up to the young pine and tapped it lightly with the wand.

"The experiment is a failure," croaked the Professor, after a moment's expectant silence. "I presume those wands were out of order and had been thrown away. The star at the top of this one seems loose, and I would suggest that you put in an extra screw."

He had hardly spoken the last word when the tree began to assume a man's figure, with plumed hat, green mantle, and spurred boots, which emerged gradually, like the different objects in a negative.

Jessamine watched the process with admiration and delight.

"Well, he'll *do*," she said at length, as he stepped forward.

"Do what?" asked the Knight, in a deep, reproachful voice. "I don't see that there is anything to do. Why have you summoned me from the romantic shades of the past into this prosaic modern world in which I must live as a lonely survival of my race, without companions or adventures, and where my presence will not be—er—"

"Supplying a long-felt want, so to speak, as it were," put in the Professor, blandly.

"I wouldn't dare even to go into the town for a night's lodging," continued the Knight, ruefully. "I should be stared at. I should be regarded as a—"

"Freak," suggested Jessamine, regarding him critically. "Yes, you certainly would. I'm sorry you are displeased, but I suppose I can turn you back again into a pine-tree."

"I respectfully request, then, that you will do so as soon as possible."

It seemed, however, that even with a wand one cannot always undo the consequences of a thoughtless act, and the poor Knight was forced to reconcile himself to his existence as best he might.

He sat down on a stump, with his head buried in his hands, and was so picturesque and sorrowful that Jessamine's heart melted within her, as the phrase goes, and, after a pause in which she meditated upon his solitary condition, she proposed, as the only amends possible, summoning a few other knights to keep him company.

The transformation of five young pines into five stalwart knights was the work of a few moments. These were soon engaged in conversation with the oldest inhabitant (as the first Knight may be called), and the Professor, yawning frightfully, suggested that, as the gentlemen were amusing themselves so pleasantly, they might as well retire.

But the knights made this impossible by surrounding Jessamine, declaring that she was responsible for their plight, and must not leave the wood without improving their condition.

"I'm tired. I want to go home and go to bed," objected Jessamine, who was too sleepy to remember her aversion to being humdrum.

"But we have nothing to do," said the knights, "and our existence will be unbearable."

"Dear me, I should think there was enough you could do. You should go a-hunting," answered Jessamine, remembering that such was the traditional amusement of gentlemen of their condition. "In the fairy tales the knights slay dragons, and rescue distressed damsels, and all that sort of thing."

"There aren't any dragons here," complained the sulky knights. "We want dragons."

So Jessamine was obliged to turn some stones that were near by into dragons, and after that was done the knights said they wanted a few distressed damsels.

Now on the edge of the wood grew some delicate little silver birches that had been in greatest agitation ever since the transformation of the young pines into knights. With a tap of her wand Jessamine turned six of these into distressed maidens. In their slender grace and coy daintiness they were so utterly bewitching that she felt sure that they and the picturesque knights would fall in love at first

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sight, and be too much occupied with each other to pay any attention to herself.

Vain delusion! She had taken but a few steps homeward when the distressed damsels surrounded her with petitions. They wanted enchanted castles. They clamored for gloomy dungeons, for monsters to guard them, and cruel stepmothers. Neither were the knights satisfied, but asked for chargers and squires and dear knows all. To cap the climax, the dragons came up with a long list of grievances. Many hours Jessamine was forced to stay in the wood trying to satisfy their demands, and it was long after midnight before she reached her own home and went to bed.

It seemed that she had hardly fallen asleep before the morning dawned, and the Professor awoke her as usual by jumping upon the bed. Jessamine turned her back on him, with the intention of having another nap, but he immediately proved to her that such a luxury could not be indulged in.

"Great advantages bring grave responsibilities," he said, holding up one paw and speaking with much seriousness, "and you will readily see that a person who owns a wand cannot allow herself to drowse away precious hours. How the report has been spread I don't know, but it's nevertheless true that everybody in town has heard that you possess the power of giving him his heart's desire, and the street is already blocked by discontented persons who are waiting to see you."

Hearing this, Jessamine felt compelled to get up and dress herself. Having snatched a hasty breakfast, she told the Professor that she would see the first comer, for she wanted to hurry through the business, and have a little sport with the wand on her own account.

The first petitioner was a young lady. She had blue eyes, fair hair, pretty little features, and cheeks and lips as pink as a wax doll's.

"I want a fine, large, strong, Napoleonic nose," she said to Jessamine.

"The one you have is very pretty," Jessamine replied. "I think you ought to be satisfied with it."

"It has no character," objected the pretty girl, "and any one who has achieved anything in the world has had a large nose. There were Dante, Savonarola, and George Eliot. What could they have achieved with a nose like mine? Then there was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"He achieved the destruction of millions of men," struck in the Professor, who disapproved of war.

"It's only fair to warn you," said Jessamine, "that if you are dissatisfied with the effect of a Napoleonic nose, as I think you called the kind you want, I have not the power to change it again. You'll have to keep it always."

"So much the better," said the pretty girl. "I shall have a feeling of security about it."

"And you must promise," Jessamine went on, remembering her experience with the discontented knights, "to go right away when you've got it, and never come back to bother me."

The petitioner agreed to this and, Jessamine having swung her wand, the delicate little nose that harmonized so well with the other features of the girl's pretty baby face suddenly assumed the size and shape she asked for. The result was hideous, but she was apparently satisfied, and made way for the next comer.

This was a concert-singer who wanted an attachment on his ears so that he would not be obliged to hear his own performances. After him came a farmer demanding rain for his hay and at the same time dry weather for his corn. And a milliner asked for a mirror that would make every woman look young and beautiful.

Of course the children came in droves. There was no end to their wants, each one queerer than the last.

All day long Jessamine worked industriously, but the shades of night fell upon a long line of discontented people who had not been able to present their petitions, and who went home only to return more clamorous than ever on the following morning. This day passed like the foregoing. At the departure of each petitioner a dozen came to take his place. Jessamine worked on, however, upheld by the hope that the last discontented person in the town would be satisfied and she would be free.

Weeks passed with no diminution of the crowd, and the Professor said that the people from all the adjacent villages and towns had heard of her and were flocking in. Of course it had occurred to Jessamine that if a fee were charged for each visit it would reduce the size of the crowd, but it turned out that the wand could not be worked as a financial scheme.

Sometimes she would fling down the wand and refuse to see any one, but she could not go out without a mob at her heels imploring her to listen to their grievances. Even in her own room she was not unmolested, for the people would bring ladders and fling their complaints at her through the windows. It was work all day and every day for poor Jessamine.

With what a passion of regret she looked back to the humdrum days when she was free, I will leave you to imagine; nor will I stop to describe the deep sympathy that grew out of her own experience for her mother, who had worked so long and uncomplainingly to take care of the family, while her own child was too selfish to do her part with cheerfulness.

At night, instead of sleeping, she would try to think of some plan by which she could get rid of the wand, for no one would take it, even as a gift, knowing what trouble the possession of it involved. At length Jessamine thought of the girl with the Napoleonic nose, who was so anxious to achieve something, and sent word to her that there was no end to what she could achieve with this wand; but the girl replied that she had too much character to play with toys.

The Professor suggested that they might advertise it; and this was done. Jessamine hoped that this plan might lead to some relief, but she received no answers, and as time wore on gave up in despair.

A long time had passed since that moonlight night when she had stolen the fairy's wand. It had been one of those long, wearisome days with which Jessamine was now so familiar, and, it being long after sundown, she said she would see one more petitioner, and then have the doors locked and go to bed.

A girl of about her own age was brought in—a girl with a scowl on her forehead, a shock of red hair, and a book of fairy tales under her arm.

"I live with two grandmothers and a yellow cat," she began, "and everything is as humdrumy as it can be."

Jessamine looked closely at the girl, and it occurred to her that she very much resembled the image in the glass which she used to see in the days when she had time to look in it.

"It wouldn't be humdrumy," she answered, sternly, "if you would do something beside read fairy tales. There is plenty you can find to do for other people, and in doing it you would be too happy to care whether things are humdrumy or not. In fact, they would cease to be humdrumy."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Professor, softly, clapping his paws. "You are turning out quite a moralist, after all." But the two Jessamines did not notice him, and Jessamine of the wand went on:

"I don't like that scowl on your forehead, your frowsy head, or the book of fairy tales under your arm, but nevertheless, for some reason or other, I take a warm interest in you. I would like to help you."

"That's what I hoped," said the other Jessamine. "I would like to be a princess and live in an enchanted castle. Will you grant me this wish?"

"Not for the world—not for the world. Your own home, with the dear tired mother, your two nice old grandmothers, and the wise, contented cat, is better than any enchanted castle could be."

This speech, kindly as it was meant, greatly incensed the discontented one, who immediately began to abuse the other as an impostor. Finding, however, that neither abuse nor reproaches had any effect upon her determination, she finally said:

"Since you refuse to grant my wish, at least give me the wand."

"Never! never!" answered the first Jessamine, holding

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the wand behind her. "You are the one person in all the world I wouldn't give it to. You don't know what you are asking for."

In a violent passion the second Jessamine sprang toward her, and to defend herself she dropped the wand, which, with a parting twinkle of its star, like a knowing wink, vanished into nothingness.

The two Jessamines fell to the floor in a violent struggle. They felt themselves writhing each in a desperate endeavor to free herself from the other. Then came the strangest sensation of blending together, and at length, the process being completed, a single figure lay perfectly quiet upon the hearth.

Presently Jessamine sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Where are we now?" she asked sleepily, stroking the back of the Professor, who unclosed his eyes and answered as stupidly as any common cat:

"Meow!"

Grandmother Grimkins woke herself with a sudden terrific snort, and Grandmother Fairweather sat bolt upright in her chair, looked about guiltily, and then went on with her knitting, just as Jessamine's mother, with flushed cheeks, came in from the kitchen, saying brightly, "What a lovely Thanksgiving we have had!" Jessamine blushed, for she remembered who had made it lovely in spite of Jessamine's discontent.

Love and its Service

By Mary Willis

To every imagination the thought of the old-time Thanksgiving appeals. The "home" for that day, that week, does not mean the new home whose existence can be measured by a year, five years, ten years, even twenty years, but the older home, where life had sounded its every note—the home where every room is rich in memory, where every room is eloquent with voices that echo childhood's laugh and cry, youth's ambition, manhood's love and struggle; where the father and mother, in the quiet security of old age, live a second life of childhood, youth, manhood, and womanhood in the lives of their children and children's children, counting the year's calendar from and to Thanksgiving. Watch the current literature of the month; each short story and each poem is set in the picture of a New England farm-house, with the days of brick ovens and of the mother working side by side with Almiry or Samantha. Even the vivid imagination and superlative genius of the American short-story writer is not equal to depicting the family Thanksgiving reunion in "father's flat." In fact, if the family number many, especially children, "father's flat" would not be a place of joyful conference, sympathetic converse. The inner rooms would not offer to the children that field of activity which rational childhood expects when it goes out for pleasure. The Almiry of to-day never laid eyes on the Johns and the Marys before, and cannot trace family resemblances and traits with the beaming mother; she has just come, or she is only going to remain until after Christmas. It may be the mother is only waiting for the morning after Thanksgiving to sever the connection. Most of the dinner has come from the caterer's, and while in "fixin's" it may far surpass the dinner at the farm-house, it lacks the touch, the taste, of those viands of long ago that were not too aristocratic to lie in neighborly nearness on the table during the dinner, tempting young and old to lay a foundation for "dyspepsy." Thanksgiving, in truth, as a festival remains now only to those who still call some dear old farm-house home.

To ordinary mortals in these latter years it is a day set apart for a trip to the country club, or to the country house opened for the day, and having that air of meeting an emergency that is inseparable from the occasional opening. Here and there the city house can be found under whose roof there is room for the family reunion, and where servants may be found who will bear with the thought of a family festival. But such homes are rare. Family life is threatened with the loss of that dearest of sentiments, that close relationship in thought and feeling, that sympathy and interchange which depend on meeting together around a common board; the children of the family being given their rightful place in the family gathering, and growing up in bonds that make blood thicker than water.

The richest memory of any man's life is that of a childhood spent in an atmosphere of sympathetic love, with memories of pleasures and punishments shared, where accumulations and poverty form a common property in the family circle in true communism.

The children of to-day will lose this possession because there is so much in our modern life to overcome in order to keep the family circle in sympathetic relation. We lack freedom—freedom of space, freedom of purse, freedom of action in our own house; we are in bonds to servants and neighbors.

Even in family life, like that between brothers and sisters, too often creep social ambition, petty striving, that rob the relation of the sympathy that is alike its foundation and its bulwark.

That cannot be preserved which we do not struggle to preserve, to nurture. If we lose our grasp on the affections of those who have a common love, a common inheritance, a common tradition, common memories, we find ourselves beggars for the affection of the world. We may get alms that seem even generous, but they can never make the capital which is the accumulation of a lifetime, the fortune that every child should find awaiting it at birth, and to which, with its first breath, it adds its mite. Love is the positive inheritance that makes a child rich or a beggar at birth. Everything that adds to this fortune from birth to death is the positive wealth that enables it to meet the world unshaken by its frowns or tears. This is the fortune that modern life, with its distracting demands, threatens. It will be preserved to each of us, and handed to our children, not at death, but at birth, according as we seek to conserve and preserve the best of ourselves for the family and those who come into it. Thanksgiving should mean to every family a reunion. Each year it should be the one day that shuts all the world out but the family. It should be the day in the year which records the new weaving of love's pattern in family life. If threads are broken, it is the time to pick them up. There is no grave so deep as that in which love lies buried in indifference, in anger, or in unexplained estrangement.

Let love rise to her glory and live anew in the family life on this day when the minds of men are turned to the years gone and passing; when the heart is tender with thoughts of childhood and the memories of its wealth of love, when poverty even had no sting, and love and the daily expression of it made wealth.

No home is so small or poor that it cannot, on this day, do something to add to the family life; and she is wise who makes this day the exclamation-point of family love, a day when life tends to divert the interest of the family from a common center. The men who have done most for their country and themselves invariably attribute the impulse, the influences, that controlled them to their childhood's home and training. And if their character has stood the test of time, we find that they are noblest who have kept alive the sentiment for that home. Lowell says: "I believe it one of the most happy things in the world, as we grow older, to have as many ties as possible with whatever is best in our own past, and to be deeply pledged as may be to our own youth."

Even "father's flat" may be the shrine of family sentiment and devotion. It does not require space to burn the fire of love and devotion, and man to-day is as much the expression of the influences that have developed and controlled him as when he grew on a New England farm and touched the earth almost at his birth. There are giants even in these days.

A certificate of incorporation has been issued to the Alumnæ Association of the Training-School for Nurses connected with Bellevue Hospital. The purpose of this organization is the establishment and maintenance of an ambulance fund and for mutual assistance in case of sickness or death.

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A Little Girl of Olden Time

A book written by a little girl is a very rare thing, but such a book has been printed this fall. It comes to us in a cover that looks like the old samplers made by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. On this cover, in queer old-fashioned letters, we read: "Diary of a Boston School Girl. Written by Anna Green Winslow, 1771. Edited by Alice Morse Earle, 1894."[1] Turning to the first page we read: "Lady, by which means I had a bit of the wedding cake. I guess I shall have but little time for journalising till after thanksgiving. My aunt Deming says I shall make one pye myself. I hope somebody beside myself will like to eat a bit of my Boston pye thou' my papa and you did not (I remember) chuse to partake of my Cumberland performance." Cumberland was the home, in Nova Scotia, of this little Boston school-girl of eleven. She had been sent to Boston to her Aunt Deming's in order that she might go to school, or rather schools. She wrote this journal and sent it in the form of letters to her mother.

To read this book is very delightful at this Thanksgiving season, when we think more of the early history of this country probably than at any other time of the year; when we look at old books and old pictures realizing fully that they belonged to persons who had been young, and grew older, and died, and left children behind them to care for their belongings with reverent interest. This little girl had what we call a very quaint mind. For instance, she says: "I think I have been writing my own Praises this morning. Poor Job was forced to praise himself when no *man* would do him that justice." And then she adds quaintly: "I am not as he was." Writing on November 29 of 1771, this little girl says: "My aunt Deming gives her love to you and says it is this morning twelve years since she had the pleasure of congratulating papa and you on the birth of your scribbling daughter." Evidently to that little girl in those far-away days clothes were quite as important as they are to the little twelve-year-old girls of to-day, for she writes: "Dear Mamma, you dont know the fation here—I beg to look like other folk. You don't know what a stir would be made in sudbury street, were I to make my appearance there in my red Dominie & black Hatt." She says, writing to her mother on December 24: "And as tomorrow will be a holiday, so the pope and his associates have ordained." Evidently Christmas was not a season of joyful anticipation and realization to Anna Green Winslow. That Christmas ever could have given rise to the bitter feelings that this little girl's letter expresses seems impossible to us. It is quite interesting to know how she kept Christmas. On the 27th she wrote: "I keept Christmas at home this year, & did a very good day's work, aunt says so." Again she says, referring to Christmas week: "How strangely industrious I have been this week." Once in a while she says something that makes us feel that she has not always been a happy little girl. As, for instance, she writes on December 30: "I am told my Papa has not mentioned me in this Letter. Out of sight, out of mind." Clergymen appearing in gowns were not an agreeable sight to this little Puritan girl, and she wrote to her mother on the first appearance in a gown of the pastor of the church that she attended. She describes it, and then says: "I dont know whether one sleeve would make a full trimm'd negligee [a negligee was a loose gown worn over a handsome petticoat as full dress] as the fashion is at present, tho' I cant say but it might make one of the frugal sort, with but scant triming." What would that little girl think if she could see the sleeves we wear to-day!

In the old time the first person seen on Valentine's Day was considered to be one's valentine, and Anna writes: "My valentine was an old country plow-joger." Valentine's Day promised very much more pleasure and was anticipated very much more keenly than Christmas. Her love of parties and fashionable clothes is constantly showing itself. She writes: "Last Thursday I purchas'd with my aunt Deming's leave, a very beautiful white feather hat, that is, the out side, which is a bit of white hollond with the feathers sew'd on in a most curious manner white & unsullyed as the falling snow, this hat I have long been saving my money to procure for which I have let your kind allowance, Papa, lay in my aunt's hands till this hat which I spoke for was brought home. As I am (as we say) a daughter of liberty I chuse to wear as much of our own manufactory as pocible." Daughters of Liberty in those days met together in spinning and weaving, they pledged themselves to drink no tea until the Revenue Act was repealed, and for the sake of encouraging home manufacture they would wear only goods manufactured at home. In regard to this feather hat, which the little girl prized so highly, she says: "My aunt says if I behave myself very well indeed, not else, she will give me a garland of flowers to orniment it, tho' she has layd aside the biziness of flower making." Flower-making in those early days was an accomplishment that compared with our china-painting of to-day, and served as a pastime and a means of income.

Her writing and spelling were a source of continual anxiety to her mother and aunt. With great frankness she writes: "I have just now been writing four lines in my Book almost as well as the copy, but all the entreaties in the world will not prevail upon me to do always as well as I can which is not the least trouble to me, though it is a great grief to aunt Deming." How many little girls will sympathize with Anna Green Winslow that they do not always do as well as they can! Snow-storms in those days must have been something to encounter, for Miss Winslow tells us in March of 1771 that the snow is seven feet deep in some places around the house. She closed a letter to her mother with these lines—

> "Next unto God, dear Parents I address
> Myself to you in humble Thankfulness,
> "For all your Care & Charge on me bestow'd;
> "The means of Learning unto me allow'd,
> "Go on I pray, & let me still pursue
> "Those Golden Arts the Vulgar never knew."
> Yr Dutifull Daughter
> ANNA GREEN WINSLOW.

—which she copied from her "Copy Book." Evidently her father was a high tribunal to Anna Green Winslow. His approval or disapproval meant happiness or pain to the little girl, and she tries to be philosophical when she quotes her aunt as telling her "that I ought to esteem it a great favor that he [her father] notices my simple matter with his approbation." She describes her dress on the occasion of a party that she attended. She says: "I had my HEDDUS roll on, aunt Storer said it ought to made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch, & ach, & burn like anything Mamma. This famous roll is not made *wholly* of a red *Cow Tail*, but is a mixture of that, and horsehair (very course) and a little human hair of yellow hue, that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D—— made it (our head) all carded together and twisted up. When it first came home, aunt put it on, & my new cap on it, she then took up her apron and mesur'd me, & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions, I mesur'd above an inch longer than I did downwards from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue & modesty without the help of fals hair, red *Cow Tail*, or D—— (the barber)." Mrs. Earle tells us that a roll frequently weighed fourteen ounces.

The journal closes May 31. "Aunt says . . . that I am a little simpleton for making my note in the brackets above, because, when I omit to do it, Mamma will think that I have the help of somebody else's head but, N. B. for herself she utterly disclames having either her head or hand concern'd in this curious journal, except where the writing makes it manifest. So much for this matter." No book has ever brought the little school-girls of those days so close to the little school-girls of to-day as this Diary of Anna Green Winslow. It is more fascinating than a story, because it is all so true, and it is as valuable to us as the history of those days, because it gives us a picture of the

[1] Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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home life, the church life, and the school life of little girls when the country was young.

The Church: Its Authority and Duty[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.—John xx.. 21–23.

In two sermons already preached on this passage I have undertaken to point out to you the mission of the Church and the secret of its power. The mission is indicated in the first clause of this message: "As the Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you into the world."

Christ passed over to his disciples his own mission. We who profess to call ourselves his disciples are to do in our age what he did in his. We, members of Plymouth Church, are to do in this district of Brooklyn what he did in Palestine eighteen centuries ago. Nothing less; and certainly nothing more. And if we look at his life and see what he did, it may all be summed up in this: that he brought to the world a revelation of God's love; which he brought by word and by life. And we are sent into the world that we may do the same thing—that we may carry to men the witness, inspiring in men the experience, of the love of God, by our words, by our deeds, by all the unconscious outflow of our own divine life. And the secret of Christ's power is clear to see; he told it over and over again to his disciples. "The words that I speak unto you," he said, "I speak not of myself: it is the Father that dwelleth in me who doeth the works." Then he said to his disciples, "If any man love me, he will keep my commandments; and I and my Father will come and make our abode with him." We will dwell in him. We will dwell in him as the Father hath dwelt in me. And, to make this perfectly explicit, after having said, "I and my Father are one," he also prayed that his disciples might be one in him, and in the Father, as he was one in the Father. This was the secret of Christ's power, then, through all the ages; not that there was a good man upon the earth—there had been good men before—but here was a man who, beyond all other men that ever lived, exemplified, revealed, disclosed the divine life in him—God himself tabernacling in human flesh. And then, when about to depart from the earth, he breathed on men and said, "The spirit that has been with me is to be with you; you are to be tabernacles." As Paul said, Ye are the temples of God, and the Spirit of God is to dwell in you. And the secret of the power of the disciples, and the secret of the power of the Church, in all these ages is this: that, though poorly and imperfectly, with many a blemish, with many a failure, in it has been manifested better than anywhere else the spirit of divine truth and love, because in it more than anywhere else God himself has dwelt.

Now, to the disciples to whom he gives this commission, to all who do this work, and whom he endows with his power, he gives an authority and a responsibility; he says, Whose soever sins ye remit they shall be remitted unto them, whose soever sins ye retain they shall be retained. We are not to believe that this commission was given simply to the twelve disciples, nor to them and their successors appointed by some hierarchical method. There is no hint here or anywhere else in the New Testament of any successor—absolutely none; and the very nature and structure of the commission forbid any such interpretation. Whomsoever Christ sends out to do the work which he came to do in the world, on him Christ breathes, saying, Receive ye my spirit; and to that one Christ gives the power to remit sins and to retain sins. The commission cannot be separated so that we may say that all Christ's disciples are to do Christ's work in Christ's spirit, all Christ's disciples are to receive the Spirit of God and have God dwelling in them, but only a pope or a bishop, or a priest ordained by pope or bishop, can remit sins and can retain sins. The commission is jointed together, it is all one; to whomsoever Christ gives the first part he gives the last part; the whole message is this: I send you that are my disciples into the world to repeat my message and live my life; I give to you, my disciples, the power of opening your hearts to receive the Spirit of God that he may dwell in you; and, receiving that endowment of power and entering on that mission, you are to have the power to remit sins and to retain sins; he says it to you, he says it to me. Whatever power pope or cardinal or archbishop or bishop or ordained priest possesses, I, pastor of Plymouth Church, possess; you, humblest teacher in the Sunday-school, possess; you, mother gathering your children about your knee under the roof-tree, possess.

If we are to ask, then, what is the meaning of these sacred and solemn words, we are not merely to seek, with a Greek lexicon and a dictionary, definitions of the words themselves, for we are by no means sure that these were the exact words which Christ uttered. If this Fourth Gospel was written by John, as I believe it was, it was not written until some sixty or seventy years after the words were uttered by Christ. It has been assumed that the Apostles had verbal inspiration, so that they could forget no word and no letter; but that is pure assumption; there is no evidence of it. We are to interpret these words, not by dictionary and grammar primarily, though they may help us to understand them: we are to interpret them by the life of Christ. As we are to see why Christ was sent into the world, and what was the secret of Christ's power, so we are to see in what way did Christ remit sin, and in what way did Christ retain sin.

Now, Christ never retained sin simply by passing it by. Christ did not pass men by, so that the blood of their guilt is fastened on him. Nor, on the other hand, can we say that this means that the Church has any power whatever to pronounce execution and excommunication on men, to shut them out from the kingdom of God, that the Church has a key and stands at the door and locks it against applicants, that the Church has any power whatever of consigning men to eternal torment or shutting them out from eternal bliss. For you may search those Gospels in vain for a single instance in which Christ ever consigned any man to eternal torment, or ever shut the gates of eternal bliss against any man, or stood with a key in his hand locking the door against one and opening the door to another. You remember, in that wonderful drama of "Tannhäuser," how the pilgrim travels all the way to Rome to ask for absolution for his mortal sin, and comes back in despair because the Pope will not give it to him, but has consigned him to eternal damnation, and therefore he will go back to Venus and the life of licentiousness; and you remember how the purity of a woman's love stirs a better purpose within him and brings him back from his self-chosen hell. Not so did any returning pilgrim ever come to Christ and Christ say, There is no hope for you. He is not the Pope of the "Tannhäuser," but the maiden whose life inspires hope where there was despair, and affords a chance for purity where before the man thought the door of purity was closed against him forever.

And yet there is a sense in which Christ fastened sin upon men. I will not, I say, go to the Greek; I will go to his life. What does his life say? Of all the pitiable things in life, the most pitiable, it seems to me, is the ignorance in which we live of our own sins—the whole human race ignorant of it, its standards low, its conceptions of righteousness false, its very notions of truth perverted and corrupted, so that you may hear men—good, pious, pure men and women—discussing the question whether we may not tell lies of good nature in social circles for comfortable reasons; and men in business—good men, honest men, honorable men—discussing the question, "What is righteousness?" and how near they may come to the edge of dishonesty without stepping over; and ministers, preachers of God's Church, debating within themselves how far they must believe the creed they avow, and how often they may say words from their lips which their hearts deny. It is pitiable, this erasure from the human consciousness of the very sense of God's righteousness and truth. And one mission which Christ fulfilled in life was to fasten upon men the fact that they were sinners. He never closed his eyes and said, "There are some things

[1] Sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, September 30, 1894. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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better not to be seen;" never treated sin as an insignificant thing which a sponge can wipe out—never! He fastened it upon men, he made them open their eyes and see it in themselves. He made society open its eyes and see it in others.

You remember the story of the woman taken in adultery. They came to him and said, Master, what shall we do? Moses said such an one shall be put to death: what shall we do? "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Can you not hear the beating of her heart as she waits and wonders while one after another goes out self-convicted? He fastened the sin on her, he fastened it on them, and made them know themselves guilty—they who thought themselves purer than the woman they had caught. This is the meaning of such a declaration as that in the Sermon on the Mount: "To look on a woman and lust after her is adultery." That is the meaning of those invectives against the Pharisees—the keenest invectives anywhere in literature, ancient or modern: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men s bones, and of all uncleanness." There stood the great white marble mausoleum; men had admired it, men had said, What a pure thing it is! and with one single blow Christ sweeps away the whole face of it, and men look in upon the festering, rotten corruption. Men that had made long prayers and accounted themselves pious, men that had been fired with missionary zeal to make proselytes, men that had worshiped in the Temple and thought themselves religious because scrupulous as to all rites and ceremonies: and Christ fastens on them the sin of corruption, hypocrisy, greed, iniquity; he fastens their sins on them, and makes them see their sins, and makes all the world see them. And the Church has done this since. The Church did this in the age when Savonarola denounced the corruption of a rotten and a decaying oligarchy; the Church did this when Luther fought the whole scheme of abominations that centered around the doctrine of indulgences; did it again when the Puritan preachers thundered against the licentiousness and corruption of the rotten Court of Charles the Second; did it in our own land when in this very pulpit there stood the man who cried, "Land of the free and home of the brave? No! land of the slave and home of the coward." If there had not been men in that time to fasten the sin of slavery on the Nation, and the sin of cowardice on men that would not see and refused to speak, the Nation would not have been emancipated. If there had not been thunder in the pulpit in 1850. there would not have been thunder from the guns of Grant in 1864.

Now, do you think that the time has gone by for that? That there is no longer needed a power in the pulpit that shall thunder on men?—a Christ that shall walk upon the earth and fasten sins upon men, in this age, in our time? Ask society, where men and women come before the altar and plight their troth to one another, and then go straightway out to Dakota and seek a divorce, and remarry. Ask literature, which paints adultery as though it were love, and lust as though it were affection. Ask the theater, which dishonors womanhood on the stage which ought to glorify her. Ask politics. Ask our own State, where partisanship has stuffed the ballot-box in Gravesend, has wrought systematic blackmail in New York, has robbed the mails in Albany, and has committed murder in Troy. Do you remember the story of "The Scarlet Letter," that letter on the breast of the woman who was an outcast? Everywhere she went it said, "Harlot! harlot! harlot!" I sometimes wish an angel could go through American society and take this man that sits in his shop and deals out death, and coins his money out of the poverty and early graves of widows and daughters, and put on his breast "Murderer." And this man who has made his wealth, not by honest industry of brain or brawn, but by skillful filching of other men's pockets, by ways which other men call legitimate, and write on his breast "Thief." And call this woman out who hides behind a smiling face an envious and hating heart, and write on her breast "Liar." And call this preacher out that preaches doctrines he does not believe, and write on his breast "Hypocrite." We need a Church that shall fasten on men their sins.

But if Christ did this, he did it always that he might take the sin away. He made men see the iniquity to which their eyes were blinded that they might be purified from it. He did not always take away the penalty. When the woman that was a sinner knelt at his feet and wiped the tears away with her hair, and he said, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee," do you suppose she went back into society? Do you suppose the hands that had been held back were now outstretched to receive her? As long as she lived she bore the penalty of her fall—unless society then was something very different from what it has been since that time. Christ does not come to take away our penalty—that sometimes goes and sometimes stays; he comes to do a much greater and better thing—he comes to take away the sin, to put into the heart such fire of enthusiasm that the fisherman leaves his nets behind him and consecrates himself to a new life; such an enthusiasm and love that he who would have called down fire on the Samaritan village becomes the apostle of ever-patient love; such a fire of consecration in Paul that the wall of pride is broken down, and all the power of Paul is spent in service. This is what Christ did; sometimes he lifted off the penalty, and sometimes he let it lay. He fastens sins on men that he might take them off and let men see that they might be cleansed.

And this is the work of the Church, and this is the message of the Gospel. It is not—it is not!—that a man who has been a hypocrite and a liar and an adulterer may throw away all the penalty of his misconduct and take the honors that belong to purity and integrity. It is that, if he will, he may find a way to a pure and honest life. This is the mission of the Church, this the secret of its power, this its authority and responsibility.

I recognize the faults of the Church. I know how black and bloody its record sometimes has been, but I glory in belonging to it. Of all human organizations it is the noblest and the best. What commercial or mercantile society will compete with it in human service? What State in ancient or modern times has served the cause of liberty and of education better? Human, and therefore frail; human, and therefore tainted with vice—and yet a noble history, a noble life.

Away back in the past ages, over three thousand years ago, a prophet longing to see the glory of God heard the soft voice whispering in his heart, "The glory of God is his goodness; I will cause all my goodness to pass before thee; and I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and merciful to whom I will be merciful." Growing stronger and stronger, and uttered by more and more voices, that word has been heard through the ages. Have you not, during this last summer, sometimes wakened even before the birds, and waited and listened? First you heard one song away off, and then another and another, until in a little while the whole grove was tremulous with music of the birds. And so away back in this olden time was one bird with its one song, "God's greatness is his goodness, God's glory is his love," and little by little other birds caught up the song, and gradually it grew more and more rich and choral, until the world is full of that message.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence.—*Tillson.*

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The Life of Christ

XXI.—The Transfiguration[1]

By Lyman Abbott

It is not until Christ has been rejected by the common people, and not until his immediate disciples have recognized him as the Messiah, not because of any manifest glory or popular acceptance, but despite popular rejection, and because of his own personal character and beneficent work, that Christ makes that revelation of this secret mystery of his life afforded by the Transfiguration. It then comes in as the outward and visible confirmation of a faith which is based upon a spiritual foundation of faith and love.

The notion that the story of the Transfiguration is the story of a dream may be dismissed without much argument at the outset. If it was dreamed by one of these witnesses, and afterwards narrated by him, it is hardly credible that the narrative would have been received against the testimony of the other two; and a concurrent dream is as much out of the order of nature as a supernatural visitation. Like some other hypotheses that assume the honorable title of "rational," this one is peculiarly contrary to reason.

If, however, we accept what is certainly a common view of the spirit world, I know not how this episode can be interpreted at all. It can only be regarded as an event wholly miraculous; equally out of the order of nature and of the supernatural. That common view of the spirit world is nebulous at best, but it may be briefly stated thus: Death is a sleep; at death the soul goes into a semi-conscious condition and lives in some far off Lotus-land of dreams; the body waits in the grave the summons of the last trump; in a thousand years or a thousand centuries, whenever time shall have finished its cycle and the end shall have come, the body will rise from its resting-place and become that soul's future habitation; the scattered portions of human bodies taken up by grass and grain and incorporated in infinite forms of vegetable and animal life will be brought together by the command of God—for nothing is too difficult for the Almighty—and then the long-broken current of life will begin again.

> These ashes, too, this little dust,
> A Father's care shall keep,
> Till the last angel rise and break
> The long and dreary sleep.

On this notion of death and resurrection we must imagine that Moses and Elijah were especially called from long sleep in death for this special interview; what became of them after their premature resurrection, whether they waited in loneliness for their companions or whether they went back to their long sleep, I shall leave those to guess who adopt a hypothesis so crowded with difficulties—rational, interpretative, and moral—as this heart-breaking and wholly unscriptural hypothesis seems to me to be.

As I read the New Testament, there is to the believer no break in the continuity of life; no "long and dreary sleep;" no waiting for a future and far-off resurrection; no "happy land, far, far, away;" no further use for this lame, blind, deaf, ailing, sick body after it is laid away in the grave; no conceivable use in preserving it by embalming, or stone sarcophagus, or iron casket, or closed tomb. It is the soldier's tent; his campaign is over; he is at home; and the sooner it is made over into some new and valuable thing the better. It is the immigrant's wagon; he has reached his destination; the wagon has served its purpose, but its journeys have come to an end: knock it to pieces and turn its material to good account. Of the resurrection of this body, corrupt, decaying, evanescent, the Bible gives no hint; on the contrary, it repudiates it in strongest terms. When the death-angel appears to the disciple, saying, "Follow me," the chains fall off from the long-fettered soul; he carries not a link of them away to encumber his future freedom. Whether Swedenborg's fancy of a spiritual body is true I know not. Having no faith in him as a prophet, his revelations seem to me but the imaginings of a fine and poetic soul. But, true or false, the resurrection is accomplished when life is ended, and the soul and the breath leave the body forever at the same moment. Thank God it is so! Thank God my mind is not to be forever fettered by the conditions imposed upon it by an easily wearied brain, nor my heart checked in its aspirations by a body gross and sensuous and earthy.

As little authority is there for the notion of the "happy land, far, far away." The Bible never so represents it. The heavenly Jerusalem is a holy city let down to the earth. Heaven is at hand. If it has geographical limits of any sort, earth is not beyond them. What powers of soul-flight to the other and far-off worlds the soul may possess, who can tell? What explorations it may make into secrets of the universe into which telescope and spectroscope pry in vain, who may guess? The stars may be other continents whither the emancipated wander, as here we travel through foreign countries carrying our bodies like heavy and cumbersome baggage. But whatever other lands may be opened to the winged spirits, the earth is not closed to them. Whatever other companionship may be theirs, the companionship of earth is not denied them. They are all ministering spirits; we may live and walk in the midst of them. If our ears were adjusted to such delicate music, we might hear their songs; if our eyes were not so gross and sensuous, we might perceive their now invisible forms. When the prophet touched the eyes of the young man, and he looked up, he saw the horizon full of the horses and chariots of the Lord encamped around Elisha; they were not then summoned from a far-off land for his protection. When Elisha recalled the wandering spirit of the boy to the dead body, it had not far to travel to return to its earthly tent. When Christ called with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" the spirit was within hearing and could obey. When Christ hung on the cross, with the dying thief beside him, he was able to say, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." No long interval of weary centuries was to be first wasted in useless sleep. When Paul, imprisoned at Rome, looked forward with longing to the hour of his liberation, it was not that he might find Job's couch, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," but that he might "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." That there are passages in the Bible which seem to point to a great and universal resurrection at some far-off period, I frankly concede; but that this is its general teaching I vigorously and earnestly deny. All its teaching is pictorial. It all speaks of that which to us is incomprehensible. Any clear, definite, and accurate conception of the spirit world is impossible; but the picture of a long rest, a soul living unclad or asleep, or waiting in some reception-room of heaven for its habiliments, presents far more difficulties to the reverent student of Scripture than the view which holds that the Judgment Day has already dawned; that the dead are passing in a continuous procession from earth to God's judgment bar; that death and the resurrection are simultaneous; that the separation between earth and heaven is a narrow partition, and death is but the swinging of the door; and that the dead are living, more truly living than we, and living often close at hand: so close that we are surrounded by them as by a cloud of witnesses; so close that the evil spirits breathe into our souls pestiferous imaginations and blasphemous thoughts; so close that we have need to arm ourselves not merely against flesh and blood, but also against the prince of the power of the air, against wicked spirits in high places; so close, too, that mothers still keep watch and ward over their children, and the friend still serves, by subtle influences, as guide and inspiration of his friend. Oh, mother, laying down at last your weary burden, and only too glad to lay it down but that you cannot bear to be separated from the children whose strength is so small and whose need is so great, who ever told you that you are to be separated from them? They shall be separated from you; but you shall not be separated from them.

Accepting this conception of the spirit world—as a world all about us, as a world in which we live, as a world from

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 23. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 5. Luke ix., 28–36; Matt. xvii., 14–20, 22, 23, 24–27.

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which we are separated only by our own dullness of sense and heaviness of vision—the story of the Transfiguration ceases to be a strange episode, a breaking in upon nature and the supernatural.

Christ was accustomed to retire from the haunts of men, even from the companionship of his own disciples, and spend all night in prayer among the hills of Galilee. Of these secret and sacred communings this story of the Transfiguration gives us our only glimpse. On this occasion he took his three most intimate friends with him, and they saw, and have recorded for us, the story of his night-watchings. We are not to think of his praying as a Jacob-like wrestling with God. The spirit of his only prayer forbids such a conception of his night communings. The Lord's prayer is the language of petition, but also of quiet and calm assurance. His intercessory prayer, in the seventeenth chapter of John, is a thanksgiving, but the thanksgiving of one to whom intimacy with the Father is no rare experience, but a perpetual joy. Even the agony in Gethsemane, so far as the very brief account gives us any true knowledge of it, was a wrestling with his own bodily nature, not a wrestling with God, and his prayer was ever the same in its triumphant refrain, "Thy will, not mine, be done." These nights of prayer were nights of communion; nights in which the obscurity of sense was cleared away, and the half-enfranchised soul saw and communed with the souls that were wholly freed from the dimness and darkness of the flesh, and, most of all, with the Father whom no eye of flesh ever has seen or ever can see.

If, however, this incident thus interpreted affords us a new sense of the reality and the presence of the spirit world, it also guards us against going out of the activities of an earthly existence to indulge in reveries and dreams concerning the invisible. Their presence may well serve as an inspiration; their ministry may be real and helpful; but we may not turn aside from present duty for converse with them. If ever any of us are inclined to listen to the voices of the voiceless dead, the one voice which speaks to us out of the cloud—and the *only* voice—is, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." If we are ever inclined to turn our longing eyes toward this impalpable world, and seek for some materialized form of the invisible dead, we may well remember that the glimpse of the lawgiver and the prophet was but a glimpse, and that when the disciples' eyes were open they saw no one save Jesus only. If we are inclined to abide on the Mount of Vision, and substitute spiritual ecstasy for practical duty, we shall do well to recall the throng that waited at the foot of the Mount for Jesus's return, bringing power of healing for the demoniac boy, and to remember that the poor we have always with us, and that the hours of inspiration are meant to equip us with a larger sympathy, a broader human love, and a profounder curative and healing faith as a preparation for the work of casting the devil out of those who abide in the valley.

A Prayer

By Norman Gale

Let me live in quiet joy,
Simple-hearted as a boy,
Asking alms of vale and fountain,
Begging beauty from the mountain;
Quick to answer smiles of God,
Gold and gracious on the sod.

Let me learn your larger speech,
Oak of heaven, breathing beech!
Ye whose lips of foliage shout
Mighty ballads roundabout,
While the doves, deserting song,
In your bosoms listen long.

Wash me, rain, and lave me, dew!
Ah, to grow as pure as you!
Bending bravely to my labor,
God for guide and love for neighbor—
Just a child of star and stream,
Filled with sunshine, touched by dream.

—*St. James's Gazette.*

A Pioneer's Thanksgiving

By Major James B. Pond

It was early in April, 1843, that my father and mother, with five children, bade good-by to friends and neighbors in New York State, and, with all our household effects loaded on wagons, drove to Ithaca and embarked on board a canal-boat for Illinois, then the frontier of civilization. The Illinois fever was epidemic. Passing through the great locks at Lockport, overwhelmed with its wonders, we were obliged to wait a whole day for our turn to pass through. The locks were busy day and night passing through boatloads of Illinois home-seekers. At Buffalo we took passage on board the propeller Republic for Southport (now Kenosha), Wis. It was a stormy voyage, everybody seasick, the boat loaded to its full capacity with intelligent, enterprising pioneers.

An uncle who had preceded us the autumn before met us at Southport with his horses and wagon to take us to his home twenty-five miles southwest, in the town of Libertyville, Ill. We found our uncle and his wife, with a family of four young sons, living on the prairie in a log shanty 12 × 14. My aunt was in the midst of a real ague chill and shake when we arrived.

It was close quarters for the two families in this little log cabin—nine children and four adults. Mother set about the housework while my aunt was too ill to get about. During supper a chill came on mother, and she shook nearly half the night. The day following it rained and we all had chills, except father and uncle. They went to the village three miles away to try and find a doctor and some medicine. They returned with a large package of thoroughwort, better known as "boneset," a weed that grows abundantly on the edges of marshes throughout the West—the best ague medicine known at that time. Boneset tea was the order of the day. No family was without it in all the settlement round. A pot of it was on every stove and fireplace.

It was too late for father to secure a farm the first summer of our residence in Illinois. He obtained work in a blacksmith-shop in Libertyville, and the only home obtainable consisted of two rooms in the frame court-house, which was a half-finished building on a high spot of ground. It was neither sided nor plastered, with only rough boards nailed on the frame, and when it rained and the winds blew we would have been just as comfortable out-of-doors. Here our first summer and winter in Illinois were spent. Father was unable to work half the time on account of chills and fever. He had a chill every other day. My sister and I invariably shook every alternate day. Mother's and father's shakes came simultaneously. I have known the whole family to be shaking at the same time. None of the neighbors escaped. It was epidemic. When my morning shake arrived I used to lie down on the floor behind the cook-stove and almost hug the old salamander, even on the warmest summer day, with my sister on the opposite side, my young brothers hugging close to me, mother sitting as close as possible to the fire, and our teeth all chattering at the same time. This was the first long, dreary, rainy, aguey summer and wet, nasty, bitter winter my parents had ever known. The spring came early that year, and father rented a farm. Here we lived for two years, on a public thoroughfare, where thousands of emigrants passed on their way to take new homes in Wisconsin, then the extreme outskirts of civilization in the Northwest. Living so near the road, it was the custom for everybody to stop either for a drink of fresh water or to purchase milk, butter, garden-stuff, or anything we could spare.

Father saw the enterprising home-seekers and heard their glowing descriptions of the country, the healthy climate and its freedom from ague, and the Wisconsin fever took him. Mother looked disparagingly on the reports brought back, and with pity on those moving north. Her three years' experience had been considerably different from the ideal prospects to be enjoyed by this vast host. Father had provided a fair living for his family—a sumptuous living compared to our first year in the West. We now had

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neighbors, and friends, and schools. The owner wanted father to rent the farm two years more, but he argued that now was the opportunity for his boys. He could make nothing on rented land.

It was February, 1847, when father started for Wisconsin to look for a home of our own. He had now become a land-looker. Mother had entered into the spirit of the new prospects, and during the evenings of father's absence she would tell us of our owning a farm, and that when we boys grew to be men we could be farmers and own homes, too; that the country was free from ague; that there would be villages and churches and schoolhouses built, and that we would be the pioneers, which meant the first settlers on the land. Her father had been a pioneer in New York. Father had been gone three weeks when a letter came telling us that he had located a farm in the town of Alto, Wisconsin, and that he should return at once, with his oxen and wagon, for the family. It was late in March when we left for our new home in Wisconsin. Father had hired a neighbor who owned a horse-team to take mother and the younger children, with household goods, to the new claim one hundred and fifty miles in the wilderness. It was an eventful day in all that neighborhood. Work was suspended on adjoining farms, and everybody gathered about the loaded wagon to say good-by, and shake hands with mother. Father and brother Homer and I were to follow with the oxen and a wagon-load consisting of the remainder of the household effects. We drove two milch cows and five pigs, and in a coop on the end of the wagon were eight chickens. We experienced a good deal of difficulty in getting started. Whoever has attempted to drive a hog knows the discouragement we met with. Whoever has never attempted it can never know. It seemed that if we had wanted them to go the other way they would have been all right. They scattered in different directions several times, and some of them succeeded in getting back home. We stopped over night near a farmhouse, and, after getting the cattle in the farm-yard, built a fire by the roadside and father got supper from provisions mother had prepared for the journey. With plenty of coverlets we made up a bed under the wagon, where we three slept soundly. This was my first camping-out. The next day the hogs became used to being driven, and during the whole journey (three weeks) they gave no trouble, except the necessity of watching them, when the wagon started, to see that none were under the wheels.

We were very tired when we finally arrived at our home in Alto. The log house was a new one, with one room downstairs and an attic which contained a bunk for us boys. This bunk was made of four oak slabs, and was wide enough so that four of us could lie crosswise and sleep very comfortably. The roof was made of oak "shakes," and in the winter the snow would often sift in and nearly bury us.

It was Thanksgiving morning in 1850. We had lived in Alto three years. Father was away from home, and we were expecting his return every day. He had been absent in northern Illinois trying to get work at day's wages to keep his family alive. There was little to be obtained even for money, which we did not possess. We had eaten the last of our frozen turnips; the cows had dried up for lack of proper feed and neglect of milking. I had not the strength to milk, and mother could not go to the barn for want of shoes. She could only console her hungry children by assuring them that the Lord would surely hear her prayers, and that father would certainly come that day, or some relief from far-off neighbors, who must know our needy condition. My heart was broken. I was starving, but I cared little for myself if the sufferings of poor mother and the children could only be relieved. There had been a school at what was known as Carpenter's School-house, a log structure two miles west of us. The teacher was an eccentric young Scotchman, who wore a blue frock-coat with two rows of brass buttons. He seemed to know nothing about managing children. He had bad luck, and the few pupils he had made it so uncomfortable for him by throwing pepper on the stove and such-like school-boy annoyances that he disappeared all of a sudden, and none of the settlers knew what had become of him. None of our family had attended school, owing to our scanty clothing and want of shoes. This morning, as I strayed away from the house into the thicket near by, because I could not possibly bear to listen to poor mother's prayer for relief that it seemed impossible to expect, I suddenly stood face to face with the schoolmaster. I was so frightened that I dared not run. I had heard that he had been driven away from the school. He bowed to me and spoke very gently. "Do not fear, my lad," he said, "I could not harm any one. Is your father at home?" "No, sir, he is down south working." "Is your mother at home?" he kindly inquired. "Yes, sir; will you come in the house?" I asked. He stepped nearer to me, as I shrank from him. "Do not fear, my lad. I am not going to harm you. I am told that your mother and all of your family are needy. I have a little money, and can accommodate you."

"Please come and see mother," I said. Mr. Sailes walked with me to the house and stepped inside. At the door he removed his hat and stood perfectly silent. "Mother," said I, "this is Mr. Sailes, the schoolmaster." The young man's face was crimson. He fairly trembled as he said: "Mum, I hear you are needy. I have some spare cash and no one to bestow it upon. I would gladly make a loan to your husband until I want it. I know that he is an honest man."

"You are very kind, sir," replied my mother. "Won't you sit down."

"Thank you, ma'am; if you will let the lad go with me to Fairwater [a new town that had just started two and a miles from us, where a store had been opened], we can bring some relief at once."

I started with him. It was a chilly November morning. I was thinly clad, and shivered from cold. Before we had gone very far he took off his coat, saying he was clad too warmly for walking, and asked me if I had any objections to carrying the coat for him. I might throw it over my shoulders, and it would make me warm.

I was absolutely too ignorant to understand that he was making an excuse for giving me his coat. He wore a red flannel shirt under his coat, and no waistcoat. I noticed also that he wore shoes with no stockings.

Just before we reached the new store he put on his coat, and we walked into the place. It was a small board shanty, with a counter and shelves, and a stock of general merchandise was being opened. Mr. Sailes asked the proprietor, George Soule, if he would serve him at once. Soule replied that most of the goods were yet unpacked. "Can't I assist in unpacking?" he asked, and off came his coat. He opened a barrel of flour and secured a bag and filled it; then a box of dried codfish was opened and a number of fish tied in a bundle, with a pound of tea, some coffee, salt, four pounds of crackers (I remember the four pounds because the package was so large and bulky), and a large piece of salt pork. These were hurriedly got together. The fish, tea, and crackers were loaded into my arms. Mr. Sailes shouldered the flour and the salt pork, and we started. It was all I could do to carry my load and keep in sight of him. He set his load near our door and said to me, "Now, my lad, I pray God this may keep you and your mother and family until your father's return." He left without entering the house.

It was a feast long to be remembered which we had that day. It had been such a time since we had experienced the aroma of seasoned food cooking that it was almost intoxicating, and it seemed as though the table would never be set, or that the time would never come for sitting around it. No one who has never had such an experience can appreciate how delicious was this Thanksgiving dinner.

That night father arrived. Mother's prayer was answered. He carried a package containing various articles for our comfort, having walked day after day with it on his shoulders. I do not remember all that it contained. There were shoes for mother and a new pair of boots for myself, some cloth to make us comfortable, and I remember some little articles with bright buttons that had been given to him for the children by somebody he had known. A city boy does not know what it is to be proud of a luxury like that, nor of a pioneer's Thanksgiving.

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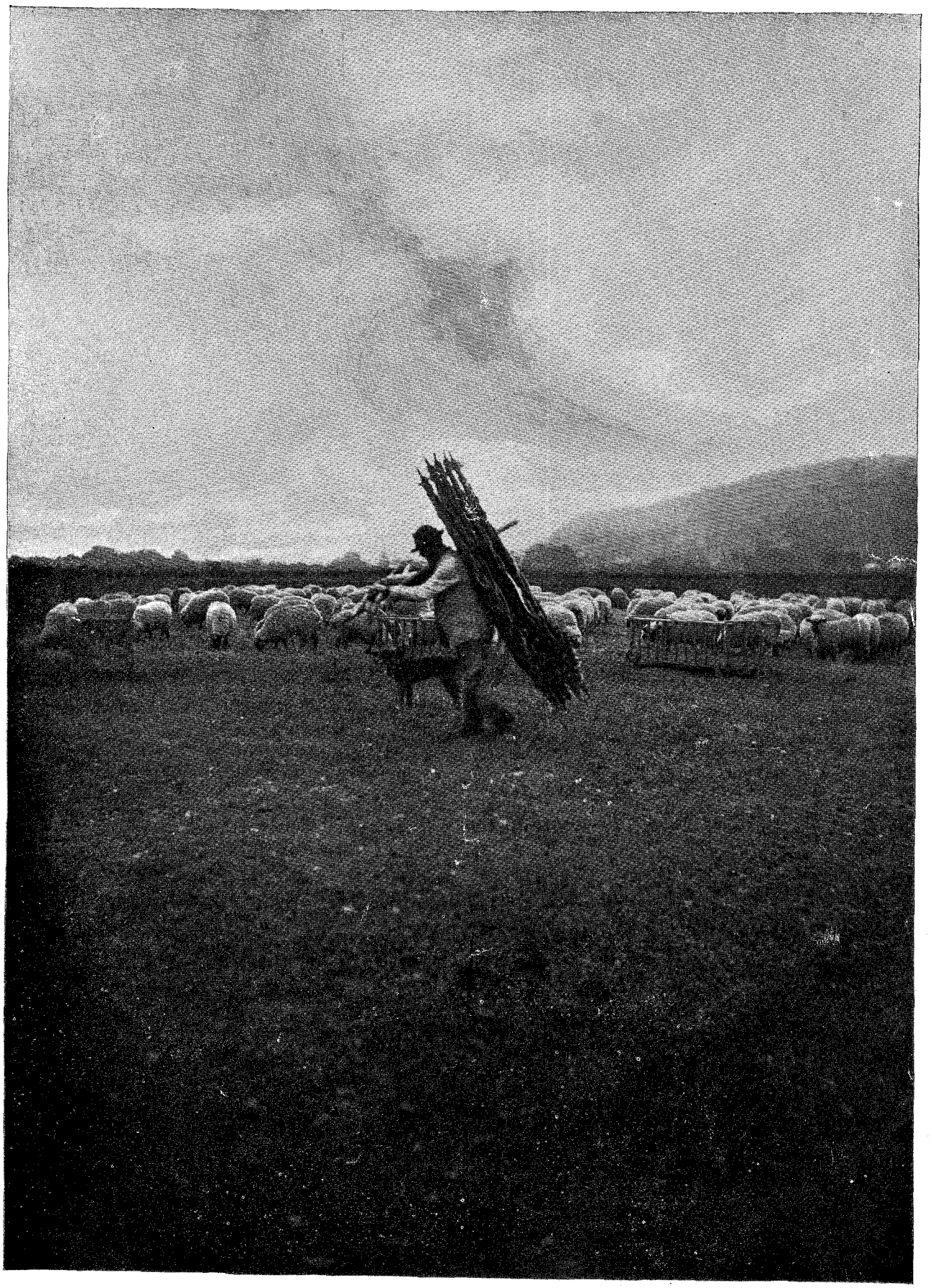

An English Pastoral

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Thanksgiving Reminiscences

By the Rev. Edward Everett Hale

MY first Thanksgiving I do not pretend to remember. And I am willing to admit that my early associations with Thanksgiving Day are more of eating and drinking than they are of gratitude. This little paper, alas! will have no tales of infant precocity in the way of giving thanks for mercies past or mercies to come.

And, for eating and drinking, we children had a good dinner every day of our lives. A Thanksgiving dinner differed from the rest because it was a dinner-party. The cousins came. The large table appeared, from some crypt where it was hidden other days in the year. There were peculiarities in the legs of the large table, which I did not understand then and do not understand now. More than this, there would be things at dinner which we did not usually have. This above all—it was a party, and it would last from the time we came home from meeting until we went to bed, much later than usual.

"From meeting." I wish it may be observed that in 1826, and much later, the average Bostonian, and all New Englanders outside of Boston, spoke of going to meeting. I have a map of the neighborhood of Boston for a circle of twenty miles around, where every "meeting-house" is marked "M. H."—the "Rev. Dr. Codman's M. H.," the "Rev. Mr. Osgood's M. H." People would not have called these houses churches more than they would have called them mosques or synagogues. This appears on an edition of this map as late as 1833.

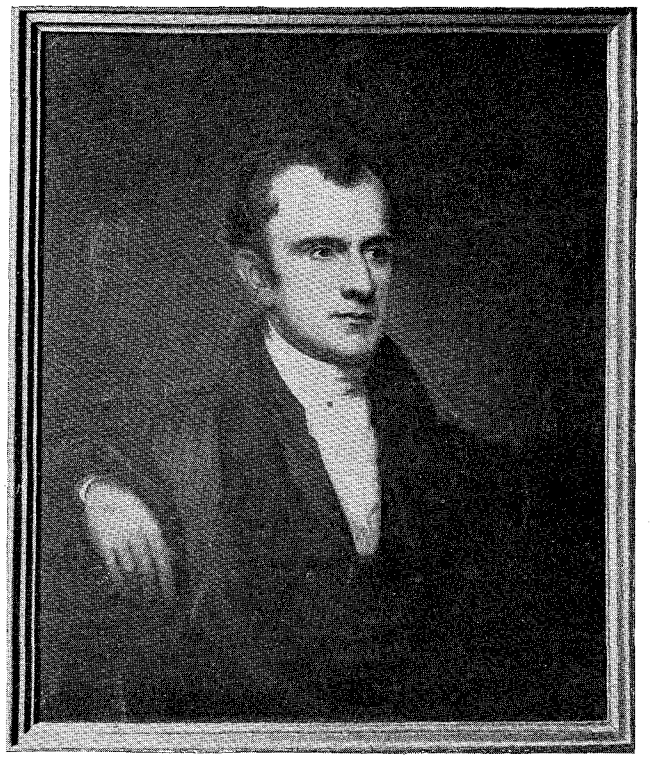
In Boston, for some reason not known to the antiquarians, the custom was different. People spoke of Church Green before there was any meeting-house built there. When it was built it was called the New South Church. And so Brattle Street Church would have been so called, as an edifice. But when one spoke of attendance there, he spoke of "going to meeting," as he would have spoken outside of Boston.

No, I do not remember the time when Thanksgiving Day was a novelty. But, as I do remember the Farmers' Almanac of 1827, when that was a novelty—as I remember the admiration with which I regarded the device on the cover, in which the gravestone, with 1826, already tips a little, while 1827 stands erect and solid—I am quite sure that I heard the proclamation of Levi Lincoln, for Thanksgiving Day in 1826, read from the pulpit of Brattle Street Meeting-House.

It was in Brattle Street Meeting-House that my earlier worship, so far as the Lord's Day was concerned, was conducted. The church, elegant and massive, was built in 1772, when Boston was defying George the Third. The corner-stone was laid in June of that year, and bore, among other names visible to the eye, the name of John Hancock. Nearly opposite was a British patrol when the siege came, and, long before my day, the name of Hancock had been made illegible by the bayonets of sentry who had no better occupation. But in the tower there was the ball from an American cannon, fired in the siege, the same to which dear Dr. Holmes alludes:

> The humbler pile, which, mindful of the hour
> When Howe's artillery shook her new-built tower,
> Wears on her bosom, as a bride might do,
> The iron breastpin which the rebels threw.

The tradition was that the high mahogany pulpit was from a design by Christopher Wren. He was dead long before it was built. But the interior of the church was so much like that of the interior of many of the London churches built by him that I dare say the tradition had some foundation.



The Rev. John G. Palfrey,
Pastor of Brattle Street Church in 1826.

That I was in this church, by my mother, in a pew in which was also one of the high pillars which supported the roof, that I was here to hear the proclamation of Thanksgiving read by Mr. Palfrey in 1826, I am as sure as I am that I am writing these words. For, from the time when I first attended the public services of religion, until the time when I entered college, I was absent from Brattle Street Meeting-House but three times, morning or afternoon. I know what those three occasions were, and this was not one of them.

Indeed, the reading of the Proclamation was one of the rare occasions of excitement for children. Children hate monotony. Yet most people who have to do with them

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

LEVI LINCOLN,

GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

A PROCLAMATION,

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

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seem to study monotony; as, for example, in the management of most schools. It was a special grace, then, when, after the last prayer and before the last hymn, Mr. Palfrey produced the large sheet on which, even at our distance, we could read the magic words,

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR,

A PROCLAMATION.

Mr. Palfrey, more accurate in ceremonial than some men, would let the sheet fall farther and farther from the pulpit, until he read the magnificent close,

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS!

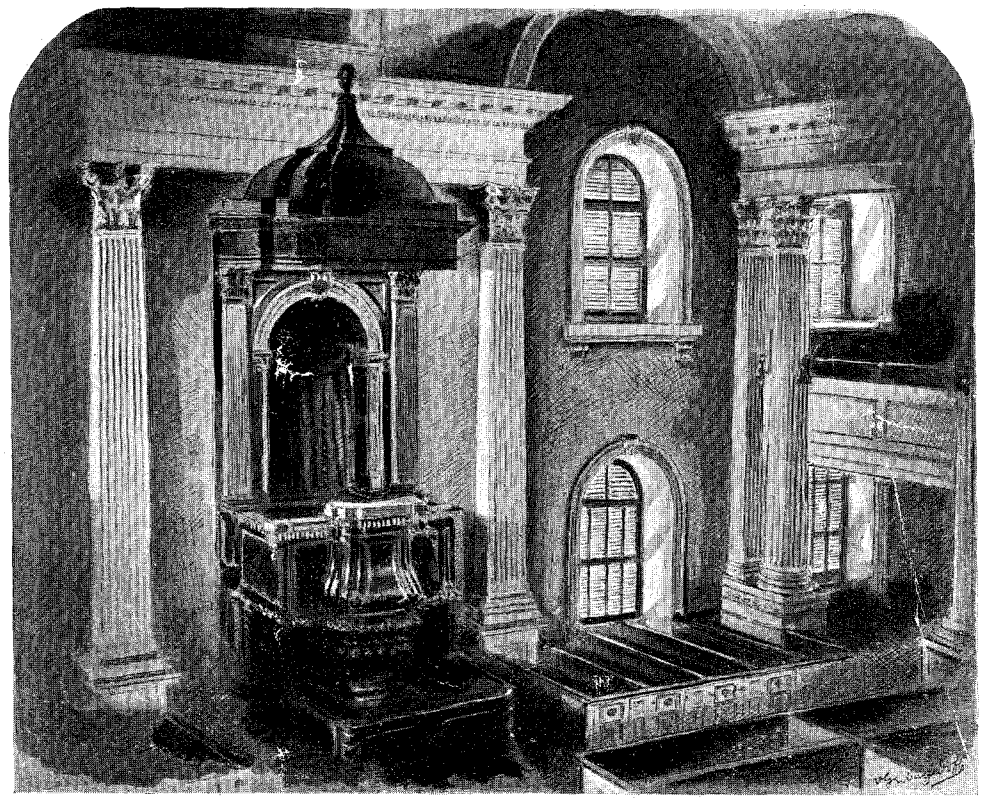
You will not find many of us Massachusetts Yankees who, with all our zeal for the National Government, will think it necessary to read any proclamation emanating from Washington, while we have sufficient authority from our Governor.

John Gorham Palfrey, the minister of Brattle Street then, afterwards an important leader in the politics of Massachusetts, had christened me on the first Sunday of May, 1822, in that church. Until he died, sixty years after, he was my fast and most kind friend. I am glad, therefore, to ask The Outlook to print this picture of him, taken by Peale, about the time when he read this proclamation. For this purpose his widow and daughters kindly permit us to copy the original painting.

I need not write his eulogy. He was the grandson of William Palfrey of the Revolution, a confidential friend of Washington. John Palfrey, William Palfrey's son and John Gorham Palfrey's father, died in New Orleans in 1843, leaving a large estate. The other heirs offered to John Gorham Palfrey such exchanges that he might receive other property in the place of slaves. No, he said, they were his, and he would avail himself of the privilege the law gave him. He therefore went to Louisiana, the forty-odd slaves were given to him, and he took them on board a steamboat. He had previously made his arrangements, in the free States of the Northwest, for placing these people where they could earn their own living. As he arrived at the different points he left them at their new homes, and returned to Massachusetts with the satisfaction of having made, by one stroke, more than forty freemen.

The reader must not say that this has nothing to do with Thanksgiving. He must fancy the writer of this memoir, as a little boy on his mother's knees, looking up with delight as this handsome young preacher, with careful enunciation, tells the assembly that Governor Lincoln proposes a Thanksgiving. The fisheries have been successful: that point of the Thanksgiving proclamation has been of interest to me from that day to this. We always had salt codfish for dinner on Saturday, and I always hated it. But in those days it was a bit of local pride in Boston to serve salt codfish at dinner. As this same Mr. Palfrey said in his history, it was a token of the service which New England rendered to the Nation in supplying its seamen and in fighting its battles. It has been my business since then to say that, but for the fishermen of New England, and the men trained in that business, there would have been no treaty of peace with England in 1783. So is it that I am always sorry when any man-made Governor of modern times neglects to make a reference to the fisheries in the proclamation.

The reader will observe that this proclamation was read on the eleventh day before Thanksgiving. It was read then so that the lieges below might prepare the money for the contribution of the next Sunday. To this contribution, accordingly, I always presented six and a quarter cents—the fourpence-halfpenny of that day. I had this sum given me for the purpose. If The Outlook should ask me on a future occasion, I will contribute a curious article on the contributions in the old churches; but the reader will not have the pleasure of reading that article now. Only I will say that, at this moment, I am one of the trustees of the funds which were accumulated from these very contributions in that very church. So little poverty of any sort was there in Boston that there were years when they could not spend the money which was thus "put into the boxes" on Thanksgiving Day.



Brattle Street Meeting-House

With such instructions from the Governor, we looked forward to the coming Thanksgiving Day. When Thanksgiving Day came, we went again to this same meeting-house, and there, I have no doubt, the sermon always reflected more or less criticism on the political needs of the time. But of that, so there was nothing about the fisheries, a boy of four years did not care. My recollections of those earlier days are connected rather with the singing than with the sermon. The clock was fully in sight if I sat at the end seat of the pew; and I knew then, as I know now, the exact number of minutes requisite for singing a long-meter hymn of five verses, as compared against the number of minutes requisite for a short-meter hymn of the same length. Many such calculations assisted me in the duty of getting through an hour and a half pleasantly.

Imagine us at home, in our best clothes, after the service. Imagine the best parlor open—not usually open. Imagine the show-books from the library brought out—prints from Hogarth; volumes, elegantly bound, of Milton, I think with Westall's illustrations; "Annuals" with Turner's prints of France and other such regions. I suppose, if we had asked to see these books on any other day, we should have seen them. Practically, we never did ask; but they were brought out for the cousins to look at, and we looked at them. I first read "Paradise Regained" on

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a Thanksgiving Day when we were waiting for the cousins to come. By and by the cousins came, in their best clothes also. Some cousins were older than we were, and could explain to us mysteries in the books which we had not understood. One cousin was at the Latin School, and could tell about the exhibitions and the masters, and reveal to us the internal arrangement of a school to which we were one day going. Other cousins had stories of grandfather's house in the country, where we had visited in August, and hoped to visit in August again. In a word, here were a set of boys and girls whom we liked and who liked us, whom we saw very often but with whom we seldom conversed. And, oddly enough, there are some things which come out in daily life now, which I refer to Thanksgiving Day as a matter of course, because we talked about them then. This of "Paradise Regained" is one of them.

The modern reader would not care for a description of the bill of fare, the varied dainties and necessities of an excellent Thanksgiving dinner. The large table was filled, and the conversation began soon on the genealogy. For us children, we listened to the romantic parts of this; but for the rest, we had our own separate table of six or perhaps eight, at which the older cousins were the principal characters, and here the talk seemed to us more amusing. As for the genealogy, it was quite clear that, if we had our rights, a considerable portion of the real estate of Boston would be possessed by the persons there present. As, in fact, at that moment, one lot in a miserable back alley was all for which the whole company could show the title-deeds, the conversation was the more entertaining.

As for the food, it is interesting to me now to remember that Marlborough pies brought back the relationship of Boston with the Whig victories of the beginning of the century before, and that I never heard of a Washington pie for twenty years afterward. Oddly enough, a "President's biscuit" and a "Regent's biscuit" were one and the same, only the Regent's biscuit was round and the President's biscuit was oblong.

If in the evening we had any singing, as perhaps we might, we children always insisted on "The British Grenadier" being sung; and the version in which it was sung was the version of the grenadiers of "Sam Adams's Regiments." That was the name that George III. gave them; and it may be interesting to historians to know that those grenadiers at the time of the Boston Massacre sang:

That patriot Jimmy Otis,
  That bully in disguise,
That well-known tyke of Yorkshire,
  That magazine of lies,
And he will mount the rostrum
  And loudly he will bray,
"Rebel, rebel, rebel, rebel,
  Rebel, America!"

It may be interesting to *bon-vivants* to know that no such thing as a banana ever appeared at one of these feasts. I never saw a banana for twenty years after the proclamation which I have described. The grapes were all from Malaga, whence they came packed in little stone jars, in sawdust. The nuts, perhaps, had been gathered for us by cousins far away on the other side of the Connecticut River. I remember that one year, when my grandmother had sent us a consignment of apple-sauce from her autumn manufacture, it was frozen up in the Connecticut in the sloop to which it was intrusted, and did not arrive until after the river had opened in the next spring. Such were the facilities of trade in Massachusetts as late as the year 1835, let us say.

Faces that Tell a Story

The group of children below, taken from one of the schools of the New York Kindergarten Association, fairly represents the multitude to whom the free kindergarten in this and other cities is bringing the freshest educational methods and the most thorough educational principles. The Association in this city has under its charge fifteen kindergartens, located at points where the population is most dense and where the children are most generally neglected. Its aim is educational, but the results of its work are in the highest degree philanthropic, as all educational work must be; for the kindergarten approaches children when they are most accessible, most receptive, and most plastic. It aims to train their instincts, to educate their senses, to open their minds, and to awaken their imagination. It takes them out of close rooms and dirty streets and all the possibilities of bad companionship, and puts them in charge of teachers who not only bring to bear on them the beautiful Froebelian methods, but who become themselves object-lessons of purity, refinement, and wholesome living. There is probably no kindergarten in the city of New York under the management of the Association which could not be quadrupled in number if the facilities were afforded, and this is probably true of similar kindergartens in all the cities where they are established. It is not a question, as a rule, of securing pupils. It is a question of accommodating them. The stories illustrative of the natural brightness and quickness, the latent generosity, the undeveloped kindliness told by the kindergartners are a con-

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stant revelation of the possibilities of sound human nature which are lying undeveloped in this great mass of children, so many of whom are submerged by the conditions in which they live. It is often dangerous to give anything directly in the way of material aid, but it is never dangerous to give education. Character is often weakened by ministry to physical needs, but character is always developed by education in the Froebelian sense—a training, that is, which seeks to reach and unfold the nature of the child and not simply to discipline the mind. These little faces tell their own story and make their own appeal. It is in such faces that the kindergarten finds its most eloquent advocates, and in this Thanksgiving season their appeal comes to the prosperous with peculiar force.

Books and Authors

Mr. Gilder's Poetry[1]

Richard Watson Gilder

This volume includes the five small books of song which Mr. Gilder has written at different times during the last twenty years—"The New Day," "The Celestial Passion," "Lyrics," "Two Worlds," and "The Great Remembrance"—and furnishes the material for a characterization of his quality and work as a poet. A glance through these pages makes one aware that even the titles are significant; they suggest at once the mystery, the passion, the pathos, and the aspiration of life. Mr. Gilder has been an eminently successful editor, and has made a great magazine an educational force of high and permanent value; he has been active in many efforts for better social, political, and educational conditions; his heart and his hand have been committed to a variety of reforms; he has had no small share in recognizing and forwarding that renaissance of art felt in all parts of the country, but specially noticeable in the enrichment of the architecture and memorials of New York. It would seem as if the energy and vigor involved in so many activities would drain a man of that freshness of spirit and sentiment which is the very soul of poetry; as if so close and constant a contact with concrete things would take the bloom off the imagination.

But Mr. Gilder's verse, though possibly diminished in bulk, has gained rather than lost by immersion in affairs; it reveals, even under these conditions, a quality of detachment which, in a man of narrower activities, might have become spiritual isolation. This volume discloses a nature which is both sensitive and strenuous; a mind which, despite a strong dash of fantasy, has a hardy endurance. It would not be easy to find a volume of modern verse less touched by the materialism of the time than this; nor one in which pure sentiment is more definitely and persistently expressed. Nor would it be easy to find a body of verse more deeply committed to the highest ethical standards and more free from that tendency to mere sensuousness to which some of our younger poets have fallen prey. The defect of this poetry lies in the opposite direction; it is sometimes too ethereal; it is so compact of aspiration that the expression becomes vague and attenuated.

Purity is perhaps the keynote of the volume; purity in the large sense of detachment from standards, aims, and images which lower or cheapen thought and sentiment. The sorrow and mystery of life are present in undertones which are never silent; but there is no contamination from the lower atmosphere of the time. This is the more noticeable because Mr. Gilder is keenly sensitive to beauty; but the passion for beauty, and the joy in it, are turned into aspiration in his hands rather than into sensuous imagery. His themes are not many; he does not write as one to whom the manifold intellectual interests of the time are a constant temptation; he writes as one to whom the world appeals through its old-time and all-time needs rather than through the special necessities of the hour. This does not mean that he is indifferent to or out of accord with his time; on the contrary, he is in such sympathy with it that he is willing to set his hand to the plow as resolutely as those who have no gift at divination and no call to sing. He is at one, too, with the liberalizing movement of the day in religion, education, economics, and politics. But it is the cry of man rather than the cries of men which one hears in this verse; the cry of love, faith, fidelity, sorrow. Mr. Gilder is at heart an uncompromising idealist; he sustains his faith, in contact with the actualities of the day, by fastening his thought upon the ultimate perfection. He looks everywhere for the heroic temper, the self-sacrificing deed, the aspiring and liberating touch in music, painting, sculpture, or literature, and is quick to recognize them. His strong ethical instinct colors his patriotism, which is eager, active, aggressive; and not only arrays him against all abuses and degradations, and for all reforms, but has made him in a peculiar sense the poet of public events and national happenings. Patriotism is a passion with him, as it was with Lowell.

But Mr. Gilder is at his best when his verse breathes those emotions which belong to individual rather than to universal experience; when he sings of love, loss, sorrow, regret, and longing. He always touches these themes with simple purity; he sometimes touches them with a deep and tender art. His temper is at times genuinely romantic, and his verse, in such moods, has true suggestiveness. This quality, as well as other characteristics of his style, is illustrated in a sonnet which has been very widely read:

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls;
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

The long poems in this volume are few, and even those few can be called long only by contrast with the mass of poems in which they are set. For Mr. Gilder's verse is entirely lyrical; very little is elaborated; it is mainly a cry, a prayer, a glimpse, an impression. The note of feeling is deepest, as it must always be in true lyrical poetry; it is often intense; it frequently finds words which are felicitous, melodious, effective. One is conscious throughout of the artist temperament, the poetic mood, the singer's sensitiveness to bits of color, flashes of light under dark skies, tones that stir, voices that set the imagination free, sudden insights, swift inspirations.

[1] *Five Books of Song*. By Richard Watson Gilder. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Mabie's Essays[1]

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have made the publication of Mr. Mabie's new volume of essays, "My Study Fire, Second Series," the occasion for issuing his previous books, which have passed through various editions, in a new and uniform edition of very attractive form and appearance. The new volume contains the short papers which have appeared from time to time in The Outlook during the past two years, together with other papers. The volume is

[1] *The Essays of Hamilton Wright Mabie*. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5 Vols. $7.50.

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devoted exclusively to literary topics, and a glance at the table of contents shows that a majority of the chapters deal with the deeper aspects of literary work, with the sources of power, with the secrets of style, with the means and methods of growth in creative force and artistic quality. Such titles as "Work and Art," "Lightness of Touch," "The Spell of Style," "Manner and Man," "The Passion for Perfection," "The Law of Obedience," suggest the scope of the discussion and throw light on the intention of the writer. Of the five volumes which make up this group of books, four—"Short Studies in Literature." "Essays in Literary Interpretation," and "My Study Fire," first and second series—are entirely concerned with literature in its various aspects, and may be taken as the expression not so much of a philosophy as of an interpretation of the significance of literature, and its relation and value to the human soul. The first of the volumes named above is an attempt to discover the elements of which literature is compounded and to present them in a direct and vital fashion; the second volume illustrates and applies certain principles of interpretation at greater length and with fuller exemplification; the third and fourth volumes are mainly illustrative of the conditions which foster creative work, of the influence of those conditions upon the personality of writers, and of the vital qualities which underlie artistic production. The point of view of these books is vital rather than academic; literature is interpreted as an expression and revelation of the soul of man, and as the product of what is deep and unconscious in him as well as of his skill and purpose. The fifth volume, "Under the Trees and Elsewhere," contains a series of impressions of nature, and two series of connected chapters touching idealism and the uses of the imagination in daily life. For obvious reasons it would be improper to characterize the quality of these books or to do more than give this brief description of their contents. It is entirely proper, however, to add that the publishers have done much to minimize, by attractiveness of size, binding, decoration, and illustration, whatever defects the books may possess. The books are issued in England by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., whose imprint has become a guarantee of artistic bookmaking.

George Adam Smith's "Palestine"[1]

This is mechanically a very perfect book. It is without illustration, but its maps are admirable specimens of color-printing; its pocket map of Palestine takes easily a front rank among maps of that much explained and exhibited country. Typographically, too, the volume is a delight to the eye; it is an æsthetic pleasure to read it. In style and spirit the book is all that readers of the author's "Isaiah" will expect it to be. Professor George Adam Smith is both a poet and a scholar. He is familiar with modern research, and he has a prophet's insight. He sees beneath mere Biblical criticism the divine message—that his "Isaiah" demonstrated; he sees in the Land the life which has made it sacred—that this volume demonstrates. It is true that readers who expect a demonstration of the Biblical narrative from geographical discovery, who look, with one modern author, for the lion's den into which Daniel was thrown, and with another for the discovery of the Pharaoh of the exodus in the marshes where the Egyptian host was entombed, will be disappointed. Professor Smith is very sober-minded. He knows how to distinguish between the reason and the imagination. He does not enter into topographical details—not quite so much as we wish he did. He does not point out in detail the results of "the explorations, discoveries, and decipherments, especially of the last twenty years." Jerusalem is hardly entered, and absolutely no light is thrown upon its sacred places. The artist is too prominent, the scholar is too much in the background. The fault of most books dealing with Palestine is that they are too geographical; this one is not geographical enough. And yet the critic must concede that the author had a right to select his own point of view and his own purpose; and in the opening sentences of the preface he has told us what these were:

> What is needed by the reader or teacher of the Bible is some idea of the main outlines of Palestine—its shape and disposition; its plains, passes, and mountains; its rains, winds, and temperatures; its colors, lights, and shades. Students of the Bible desire to see a background and to feel an atmosphere—to discover from "the lie of the land" why the history took certain lines and the prophecy and Gospel were expressed in certain styles—to learn what geography has to contribute to questions of Biblical criticism—above all, to discern between what physical nature contributed to the religious development of Israel, and what was the product of purely moral and spiritual forces.

This Professor Smith has admirably done. His views are broad views, almost outlines. He pictures the whole land and its history much as he portrays the landscape which Jesus as a boy saw from the hills about Nazareth—a wonderful bit of broad landscape word-painting. Throughout this volume the land lies before us as in a relief map; history passes before us as in a series of panoramic visions. The student who wishes for greater detail, for evidence on the question of the site of Capernaum or Cana or Golgotha, must look for it elsewhere. The preacher and the teacher who wish to be transported to the Land while they are studying its history, and to get the events of the latter in their setting, not dislocated and isolated, will find this volume admirable for that purpose—the more so because the relations between locality and event are suggested rather than elaborated, and the reader's skepticism is never awakened by demands made upon him for the exercise of a too credulous imagination.

The Rights of Women. By M. Ostrogorski. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) This volume presents dispassionately the political, industrial, and social rights of women throughout the Christian world. The treatment is in the highest degree systematic, without being lifeless. There are chapters upon "individual sovereignty"—the rights of women to succeed to the throne; "collective sovereignty"—the rights of women to vote on national questions; "local self-government"—the municipal rights of women; "public offices and employments"—the rights of women to employment under the State and to plead at the bar;, and other chapters showing women's rights to education, to entrance into the learned professions, etc., etc. The work is admirably done. It gives not only a survey of present conditions, but the history of the movement for the extension of women's rights since the outbreak of the French Revolution. It hardly needs to be said that our own States, Wyoming and Colorado, and the English colony of New Zealand, are the only places where full political rights have been given to women; but local political rights have been given to them, not only in most of our own States, but in many of the countries of Europe, where the right to vote is based on the ownership of property. The author refuses to state whether he believes that women should be admitted to political equality with men or not, but he makes no concealment of his belief that women's economic and intellectual opportunities should be the same as men's. He has, however, repressed his own predilections to an extraordinary degree, and his volume is without a second in its value to those who wish information rather than argument concerning development of women's rights.

From Blomidon to Smoky, and Other Papers, by the late Frank Bolles (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) will suggest comparison with the books of Thoreau and John Burroughs. There will be a question as to whether it deserves such comparison or not. At all events, the papers are pleasant and often inspiring reading. The first form the record of a journey in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the last are of Chocorua and its owls and woodpeckers. Mr. Bolles wrote well, as we know from the "Land of the Lingering Snow" and from "At the North of Bearcamp Waters." In his latest work the first four papers of "From Blomidon to Smoky," the impression is yet more vivid when we read such passages as this:

> It was now my turn at the oar, and a thrill passed through me as I grasped the great sweep and wrestled over it with the waves. Night had fallen. All color had died on the red cliffs of Smoky. Stars had burned their way into the dark-blue sky, and among them stray meteors fell seaward, or glided athwart the constellation. A year before, I had spent the long hours of the night on the peak of Chocorua, watching these wayward waifs of space as they danced behind the cloud-curtains of the storm. Now, with all a Viking's zeal, I tugged

[1] *The Historical Geography of the Holy Land.* By George Adam Smith. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $6.

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at my big oar, pounded my tholepin, made deep eddies chase each other in the dark water, and breathed joyously deep breaths of the salt northern air. What contrasts man may make for himself, in his life, if he yields to the spirit of restlessness within him! The Vikings yielded to it, and swept the northern seas, and I felt in my weak arms something of their strength and wantonness as I urged the boat homewards under Smoky's shadow. Black rocks, placid sea, bright stars, dancing meteors, and breath of the northern ocean—I had them all, even as the Norsemen had them.

The author of "The Dawn of Italian Independence," Mr. William Roscoe Thayer has published a small volume of *Poems New and Old.* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) They are vigorous in tone, and there is an atmosphere of health about them delightful in this decadent day. Mr. Thayer's long pieces are effectively picturesque, but his shorter verses have an epigrammatic terseness even more appealing to the reader. For instance:

ENVOI

I walked with poets in my youth,
Because the world they drew
Was beautiful and glorious
Beyond the world I knew.

The poets are my comrades still,
And dearer than in youth:
For now I know that they alone
Picture the world of truth.

—

Citizenship: A Book for Classes in Government and Law. By Julius H. Seelye. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) The thought of this book is as clear as it is strong, and therefore the book itself is as well adapted to younger students as to older ones. It differs from most elementary text-books in setting forth and developing a fundamental conception of society—the conception that all its members are by nature truly the "members" of a united whole. But this conception is so absolutely in harmony with that sense of the unity of all things which is the foundation of philosophy, the sense of God's fatherhood which is the foundation of our religion, and the sense of man's brotherhood which is the foundation of our morality, that the younger students will not find it difficult to grasp.

Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* has been edited by Dr. Sylvester Primer, Professor of Teutonic Languages at the University of Texas. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) Comparisons are inevitable with Buchheim's well-known edition with English notes, with the German "Erläuterungen" of Düntzer, Fürst Niemeyer, and Rönnefahrt, and with the "Vorträge" of Kuno Fischer, Giesse, Kopke, Pabst, and Werder. Dr. Primer's work, in contrast with any of these, may safely be called the American edition of "Nathan." Both in introduction and notes there breathes a glad new national witness to the universality of this great drama, a drama so great that Froude has called it the noblest didactic work produced in modern times.

When All the Woods are Green is the engaging title of Dr. Weir Mitchell's latest story. (The Century Company, New York.) The scene is laid in Canada, and many are the pleasant descriptions of woods and brooks and salmon-fishing there. The plot is both melodramatic and hackneyed, however, and it is safe to say that none of the characters will live in literature. While the book adds nothing to Dr. Mitchell's reputation as a story-teller, his style is so easy, natural, and attractive that the faults of construction and analysis are not so glaring as otherwise they would be.

Though bringing undoubted satisfaction to bibliophiles, the second number of *Bibliographica* will hardly create as favorable a popular impression as did the first. The reason is that there are not so many untechnical articles as in that number. Indeed, the only ones of a popular character are those excellent papers on "Two English Bookmen, Samuel Pepys and Henry Fielding," by Messrs. H. B. Wheatley and Austin Dobson. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Literary Notes

—The title of Mrs. Burton Harrison's next novel is "An Errant Wooing."

—It is reported that the title of Mr. Barrie's new story is "Sentimental Tommy."

—Mrs. Catherwood's new historical novel will be called "In the Days of Jeanne d'Arc."

—The biography of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the distinguished Irish poet and archæologist, is being written by his wife.

—Dean Buckland's biography is coming out in England. The Dean was a pioneer in geology, and was the first President of the British Association. The biography has been written by his daughter.

—Mr. Henry Norman, one of the editors of the London "Chronicle," has written a volume on "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East." Mr. Norman is well known as the author of "The Real Japan."

—A committee including the Duke of Argyll, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Dr. Garnett, and Mr. G. W. Smalley has been formed to appeal for subscriptions towards the purchase of Carlyle's house at Chelsea.

—Professor Briggs has followed up his volume on the "Messianic Prophecy of the Old Testament" by one on "The Messiah of the Gospels," which, in turn, will be succeeded by one on "The Messiah of the Apostles."

—The father of Victorien Sardou has just died at Cannes, at the age of ninety-three. Sardou *père* began life as a commercial drummer, then took up school-teaching, and ended by becoming the author of some capital educational text-books.

—Dr. Nicoll, the editor of the "British Weekly," says that the best-selling writers of fiction in Great Britain are, first, Mr. Barrie; second, Mr. Rider Haggard; third, Dr. Conan Doyle; fourth, Mr. Kipling; after which come Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Crockett, who run each other hard.

—It is announced that the "Saturday Review" has been sold again, this time to Mr. Reuben Sassoon, the great Hebrew financier. It is rumored that Mr. Frank Harris, late editor of the "Fortnightly," will be appointed editor of the "Saturday," and that he will somewhat change its character.

—"Emily Dickinson's Letters," edited by Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, of Amherst, are announced for publication by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, this week. Even more than her unique poems published three years ago, they exhibit, writes a friend, her sense of nearness to the great Father whom she knew with such directness.

—M. Carvalho, the Director of the Paris Opéra Comique, is about to publish his reminiscences. He has been an opera manager for nearly forty years, first at the Théâtre Lyrique and then at the Opéra Comique. He it was who first produced Gounod's "Faust," and he also brought out the composer's other works—"Philémon et Baucis," "Roméo et Juliet," and "Mireille."

—Professor Rhys-Davids says of "The Light of Asia:" "It is a lovely and valuable poem, but it is not historical Buddhism. Sir Edwin Arnold found a French version of the 'Lalita-Vistara,' and he made it the basis of an English poem. Gautama was a country gentleman; in 'The Light of Asia' he has become a royal prince. Yet, despite such aberrations in fact and others in philosophy, Sir Edwin has caught not a little of the spirit of Buddhism."

—Readers of The Outlook are already familiar, no doubt, with the reputation which that admirable London literary journal, the "Bookman," has secured under the keen, judicious, and breezy editorial management of Dr. Robertson Nichol. It has given England a new conception of a literary newspaper. The American and English reading publics are now substantially one, and it is therefore no matter of surprise that Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co. announce the publication of "The Bookman" in America. The American publication will retain the features which have made the journal so successful in England, but will add new material and will be edited throughout for American readers. The vivacity, freshness, and good taste of the English "Bookman" will no doubt characterize the editorial management of "The Bookman" on this side the ocean. Dr. H. T. Peck, of Columbia College, who happily unites ample scholarship with literary taste and ability, and Mr. James Macarthur, whose contributions to The Outlook and other journals have given good evidence of his capacity and enthusiasm, will edit the American edition.

—Dr. Samuel F. Smith's "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was written while he was a theological student at Andover. It was first sung, says the Boston "Globe,"

at a children's celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832. The missionary hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking," was written at the same time and place. He translated from the German most of the pieces in the "Juvenile Lyre" (Boston, 1832), and from the "Conversations-Lexicon" nearly enough articles to fill a volume of the Encyclopædia Americana (1828-32). His collection of original hymns, poetry, and metrical translations has been published under the title of "Lyre Gems" (Boston, 1843), "The Psalmist," a noted Baptist hymn-book (1843), and "Rock of Ages" (1866-77). Other writings by him are "Life of the Rev. Joseph Grafton" (1848), "Missionary Sketches" (1879-1883), "History of Newton, Mass." (1880), "Rambles in Mission Fields" (1884), and contributions to numerous periodicals. His classmate, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his reunion poem, entitled "The Boys," thus refers to him:

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith!
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My Country, of Thee!"

The age of the Rev. Mr. Smith and his wife does not permit of their participation in public or social affairs, but they take as much interest as ever in what goes on in the world about them. Mr. Smith is in receipt of many letters from all classes of people asking for his autograph or for information. He is pleased to know that the table at the Andover Theological Seminary at which he wrote "America" is still pointed out to visitors as worthy of first notice.

[For list of Books Received see page 815]

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The Religious World

The Woman's Board of Missions

The Woman's Board of Missions of the Congregational Churches of New England and the Middle States held its annual meeting November 6–8, in the First Congregational Church of Montclair. N. J. The attendance was very large, there being about two hundred delegates present, besides as many more unofficial visitors from a distance. The President, Mrs. Judson Smith, of Boston, being detained by illness, her place was admirably supplied by Mrs. Charles H. Daniels. The reports were most encouraging, showing very little falling off in the amount of income, and, considering the stringency of the times, a positive advance along all lines. One valuable feature of the meeting was the prominence given to addresses by missionaries, many of which were of surpassing interest. The official papers by Miss Child and Miss Stanwood gave a bird's-eye view of the field of the society's operations. Among the special papers were those of Mrs. Daniels on "The Sure Word of Prophecy;" of Mrs. Stimson, wife of the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, on "Our Bible and Theirs;" and of Mrs. Joseph Cook, on "Our Greatest Gift to Non-Christian Nations." The meeting of the greatest interest was that on the evening of the 7th, when three addresses, all of very high order, were delivered by Mrs. Merritt, of the North China Mission, Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, and by Dr. C. C. Creegan, District Secretary of the American Board. Few who heard Mrs. Merritt will forget her exceedingly happy illustration of the Chinese soldiers whose guns had been rusting for five years, and who had oil to keep them in order but were not bright enough to take it from the bottles in which it was securely sealed. Mrs. Booth spoke with all her peculiar charm and power, and thrilled and delighted the great audience which packed the large auditorium. Her illustrations of the value of the missionary spirit, and her vivid delineation of the methods adopted by the Salvation Army in its missionary work, were of great value. She especially emphasized the fact that the Salvationists do not wear their uniform in foreign fields; that they enter into the life of the people, wear their clothes, eat their food, live in such houses as those inhabit whom they would reach, and in all possible ways renounce their old national identity and assume that of natives of the land in which they work. Many who listened to this statement felt that the speaker was stating a principle which should have a larger place in the missionary activity of the future. Perhaps no part of Mrs. Booth's address was more enjoyed than the simple and beautiful story which she told of the little child who was not permitted to kiss his sister in the cradle for fear of wakening her, but who left his kiss on the bedpost for his mother to give when the child awoke. "You say that you can do nothing," said Mrs. Booth. "Yes, you can; you can at least leave your gift on the bedpost to be given to the poor heathen by those who go to them." The closing address of Dr. Creegan was one of his best. Many were overheard to say that they did not remember a more valuable or inspiring public meeting in the history of the Board. Another remark was, "It seems very strange that there has ever been a controversy in our foreign missionary society." The American Board and the Woman's Board are so closely allied that what occurs in one is felt in the other; and while the late controversy was not in the Woman's Board, it affected it. Now that controversy exists only as a memory. The harmony and prosperity of the Woman's Board of Missions, as evinced by its last meeting, is a prophecy of a great and blessed future.

Drew Theological Seminary

The "Christian Advocate" of November 8 contains a photo-engraving of the new dormitory of Drew Theological Seminary, and also the address delivered at its dedication by Bishop John F. Hurst. The building is an attractive one, and will add materially to the already admirable equipment of what we suppose would generally be regarded as the most prominent theological seminary of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. Drew Seminary is located at Madison, N. J., and was founded by the late Daniel Drew. Other eminent Methodists have also contributed to its endowments and to its buildings. The new dormitory is called the Hoyt-Bowne Hall. In his address on "The Romance of Drew" Bishop Hurst gave a vivid historical sketch of the institution and of the principles for which it stands. It seems to us that, for so scholarly and gifted a man, the Bishop's way of treating the critical questions which are now under discussion was hardly worthy of either the orator or the occasion. Such subjects demand broad and careful consideration. They cannot be lightly tossed aside, and they cannot be put down by pious commonplaces. Bishop Hurst is a very eminent, a very able, and, we judge, a very conservative scholar. He knows how to treat such subjects as they deserve, which can hardly be said of the paragraph devoted to them in his address. But the address as a whole was fine in its enthusiasm and in its blending of history and prophecy. Drew Seminary is destined to occupy a large place in the development of what Joseph Cook once called "the most intensely evangelistic institution on this planet."

Boys' and Girls' Brigades

The Convention of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union has recently adopted a resolution, which was proposed by Miss Frances Willard, concerning the organization by the W. C. T. U. of Boys' and Girls' Brigades. The resolutions are as follows:

Resolved, That the W. C. T. U. of Ohio views with profound surprise and anxiety the organization of Boys' and Girls' Brigades, and the brandishing of weapons in the hands of the manhood and womanhood of to-morrow.

Resolved, That we hereby pledge ourselves to use our utmost influence to arouse public attention to the evils of this system, and to contrast with it the gymnastic exercises of the Loyal Temperance Legion, with its soldiership of good habits, its prohibition, purity, and peace.

This action is approved in a strong editorial in the "Union Signal" of November 8. The Outlook is in heartiest sympathy with the anti-war spirit of the resolutions, and of the editorial in the "Signal." It seems to us, however, that the danger toward which these resolutions are directed is not only exaggerated, but actually does not exist. The whole spirit of our time, and especially of this country, is opposed to the military idea, and no amount of organization in companies and exercise with old-fashioned muskets will have a feather's weight of influence in reviving that spirit. Militarism is opposed to the tendency of our age, but there is something in the organization of young people into companies, in the obedience and discipline which come from military training, which is most desirable. These brigades have done great good, and we do not believe that their existence fosters the military spirit, or will lead to the carrying on of wars, or to any of the other evils which the honored mover of the resolutions anticipates. It is a most encouraging sign of our time that the spirit of Christ is so getting into society that it is transforming even military organizations. The Salvation Army is criticised because it adopts the army idea, but no one would affirm that its influence tends towards war rather than peace. Christ's spirit is regenerating many institutions which in the past have been agencies of evil. We doubt if any other plan of organization would have done as much for the bootblacks of Great Britain as the military, which attracts the boys as no other, and holds them while better ideas are acquiring influence over them.

Bishop Whitaker's Quarter-Centennial

On the 30th of October there was celebrated in Philadelphia the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. O. W. Whitaker, D.D., to the episcopate. The celebration lasted throughout one day. In the morning there was a sermon in which the subject of Church Unity was most prominent; in the afternoon the corner-stone of the new Diocesan House was laid; and in the evening in the Church of the Epiphany a popular meeting was held, at which loving testimony was paid to the value of the work which Bishop Whitaker has been permitted to do. The sermon was by Dr. Daniel S. Tuttle, Bishop of Missouri. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone was performed by Bishop Whitaker, on which occasion addresses were delivered by Bishop Potter and Mr. Francis A. Lewis. In the evening addresses were delivered by the Rev. John Ashurst, Bishops Rulison, Whitehead, and Potter, and a presentation, accompanied by an address, was made by the Rev. Dr. Benja-

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min Watson. To the address Bishop Whitaker made an appropriate and feeling response. Bishop Whitaker's service has been in the far West and in the East. For seventeen years he was a missionary bishop, and for eight years he has been Bishop of Pennsylvania. He has been a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ in the lofty position to which he has been called. May he live to celebrate his jubilee!

Professor Swing's Pulpit

The action of the church of which Professor Swing was pastor in voting to disband has been reconsidered, and the question now is, Who shall be called to come after the king? Dr. Swing was a peculiarly vivid and powerful preacher, and did a work which no other can do; but, on the other hand, others may do a work there which even he could not do. His long service in that peculiar field proves that there is demand for some ministry which shall reach that central city audience. The church has voted wisely, and the task of finding some one who will continue the splendid traditions of the last few years will not be impossible, even if it is difficult.

Co-operating Committees of the American Board

We have received from the honored President of the American Board a circular-letter which should be printed in full in these columns. It needs no word of comment from The Outlook. The American Board is now a united, harmonious, and aggressive body. Under the magnetic leadership of Dr. Storrs it has a great future before it. All co-operating churches should give to this resolution and letter sympathetic attention:

At the recent annual meeting of the American Board, at Madison, Wis., a resolution was adopted which, as subsequently amended, reads as follows:

Resolved, That a co-operating committee of three residents of Chicago, and a second co-operating committee of three residents of Boston, and a third committee of three residents of New York, with a fourth committee of three residents of San Francisco or its vicinity, be appointed: whose duties shall be to increase the contributions to the treasury of the Board and to organize and appoint sub-committees in their discretion for carrying out the plan of obtaining contributions from every church and from every church member. The field of operations of the Chicago co-operating committee shall be Michigan and the States and Territories at the West. The field of the Boston co-operating committee shall be the New England States, except Connecticut. The New York field shall be the Middle States, with Connecticut and Ohio. The field of operation of the San Francisco co-operating committee shall be the Pacific States. These committees shall be appointed each year, and the first members shall be named by the President of the Board within thirty days after the adjournment of the present session.

These committees shall report annually to the Board.

In accordance with the above resolution, after the necessary consultation and correspondence, the following committees have been appointed, the members of which have severally signified their acceptance of the trust:

The Chicago Committee: William E. Hale, Esq.; Charles H. Case, Esq.; the Rev. J. G. Johnson, D.D.

The Boston Committee: Henry E. Cobb, Esq.; William F. Whittemore, Esq.; A. S. Covel, Esq.

The New York Committee: Dr. Lucien C. Warner, the Hon. Chester Holcombe, Charles A. Hull, Esq., of Brooklyn.

The San Francisco Committee: J. H. Morse, Esq., of San Francisco; J. M. Haven, Esq., of Oakland; J. L. Barker, Esq., of Berkeley.

All members and friends of the American Board are earnestly requested to give their cordial sympathy and aid to the committees thus named in the important work which by the Board has been intrusted to them.

RICHARD S. STORRS, President.

Brooklyn, N. Y., November 6, 1894.

Installation of Sunday-School Officers

A Baptist correspondent asks the following questions: "Why should not Sunday-school officers be installed?" "Is there not as much reason for the installation of a Sunday-school superintendent as for a minister?" The second question must be answered in the negative, since the minister, who is usually quite as responsible for the Sunday-school as the superintendent, has also relation to the fellowship of the churches. But we can see no more reason for the installation of elders and deacons than for the officers of the Sunday-school. The chief advantage of a service of public induction is in the added emphasis which is placed upon the dignity and importance of the service expected. Whatever will emphasize this is to be commended. For ourselves we prefer that the privilege of the service should carry its own emphasis, but appreciate the sentiment which recently found expression in a Baptist church, we believe in Washington, N. J., which is described as follows in the "New Jersey Sunday-School Messenger:"

The hour arrived, and the pastor opened the school with singing and prayer. He then called the name of each newly elected officer and requested them to come and stand in front of the altar. There they stood, superintendent, assistant superintendent, librarian, secretary, treasurer, chorister, organist, and pianist. He then talked very appropriately to each individual officer, and then they took their seats.

The newly installed superintendent then called the name of each teacher, and they came forward and took the same position. The superintendent spoke a few words to the teachers and asked them if they accepted their appointments as teachers, which they each acknowledged they did, with God's help. Then they were presented to the pastor by the superintendent for installation. The pastor then spoke to the teachers collectively, after which they took their seats. The scholars were now requested to rise, and were addressed by the pastor. Thus ended the installation service, leaving us time to study the regular lesson. The installation seemed to leave a good impression, and was interesting; at least it lifted us out of an old rut.

A Real Rejuvenation

The Second Congregational Church at West Newton, Mass., of which the Rev. Theodore P. Prudden is pastor, has recently been remodeled and redecorated, and has thus been changed, as one of the members of the church expresses it, from a "bare and barren looking room" into an appropriate edifice and auditorium, with the ecclesiastical tone which the Puritan reaction in New England obliterated and to which Protestant churches seem to be coming back. The services at the reopening and rededication of the church were liturgical, and the following Confession of Rededication, as it might be called, which was repeated by the congregation in unison, is a model of its kind:

This house, built and consecrated by our fathers, but enlarged and renewed by us, we now gladly and thankfully rededicate to the service of Almighty God; as an instrument for doing the work of Jesus Christ among our fellow-men; as a memorial of the benefit and ceaseless mercies of our Father in heaven; as an expression of our desire to be useful in building up his kingdom and righteousness; as a sanctuary where his children may be especially reminded of the great love wherewith he has loved them, and of their relations and duties to him; and as a house of prayer, of worship, and of instruction for ourselves, for our children, for those who dwell in this community, and for the stranger within our gates. May He who has loved us and given himself for us, whose we are, and to whom belong the silver and gold, accept this offering at our hands, filling it with his presence and glory and us with the light and life and mind that are in Jesus Christ. May He make it a house of hope, of consolation, of rest, of inspiration, of brotherly love, and of abiding usefulness to many people, clothing those who shall minister here with wisdom and salvation, and leading those who worship here to rejoice in his goodness. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

One of the most interesting things connected with the reopening of the church is the hospitality which it was able to extend in its rejuvenated form to the Unitarians of West Newton. We quote the following account of this encouraging example of Christian union from a private letter by a member of the Second Congregational Church:

During a recent severe storm the chimney of the Unitarian church blew down, breaking through into their auditorium and making it unfit for occupancy. So they were invited to join us in our church for last Sunday and next, after which their repairs will be complete. The two congregations met in our church last Sunday for the first time in their history, except when there has been union service on Thanksgiving or Fast Day, and when only a dozen or two of each congregation would be present. Every seat was filled, and we carried in about one hundred chairs, seating altogether some nine hundred persons, and it was the happiest gathering I ever saw—of its kind. In past times there has been a disposition on the part of some of our people to consider the Unitarians as being so entirely wrong that it would be dangerous to have anything to do with them, and they have naturally reciprocated by calling us a set of intolerant bigots, and so the feeling has not been all that could be desired. Mr. Jaynes, the Unitarian minister, preached an excellent sermon last Sunday, and our Dr. Prudden will preach next Sunday, and we confidently expect an audience to equal that of last Sunday unless it should be very stormy. Many of us who have read The Outlook for years and have been influenced thereby think we are now on the right track.

The Semi-Jubilee of Dr. James Spurgeon

All the world is familiar with the name of the late Charles H. Spurgeon. Wherever the kingdom of God has reached, there his splendid service is gladly recognized. It is not so generally known that a large part of the efficiency of his ministry was due to the co-operation of his brother, the Rev. James A. Spurgeon, D.D., who, at the same time that he assisted in the pastorate of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was pastor of a large and flourishing church in West Croydon. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate has just been celebrated, and the event was characterized by all the enthusiasm which we are accustomed to expect in the larger church with which Mr. Spurgeon's ministry has also been associated. The event was duly remembered by the Croydon Church, which is heartily devoted to its honored and eminent leader, and also by many of the ministers of other churches in London, one of whom wrote as follows: "The name of these two brothers—the one before the throne, the other the pastor of this church—will go down in history together. It is impossible that they should be separated." That is no exaggeration. It might also have been

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added that, while the work of Charles H. Spurgeon has been by far the more prominent, that of James A. Spurgeon has been probably equally valuable and enduring.

Mothers' Meetings at Olivet Church

By Julia B. Schauffler

Every Thursday afternoon, soon after one o'clock, a very interesting sight may be seen in Second Street, just east of Second Avenue, New York. At least it is an interesting sight for those who love to watch the progress of the Kingdom. If you were to stand by the railing of the old graveyard opposite Olivet Church, what would you see? You would see poor women coming from the west and from the east and pouring in at the open church door. Some of the women are old and feeble, and walk with slow steps, while younger women beside them walk slowly also because burdened with children clinging to their skirts or lying heavily in their arms. Who are all these women, and why are they coming to church on a week-day? Is there any temporal gain for them to expect, or is there some entertainment for them to enjoy? No, there is nothing but a special service, arranged for mothers, particularly for those who find it difficult or impossible to attend church on Sunday. The women like the peace of the pleasant upper room where they meet, but the chief attraction lies in the kind faces of the leaders of the meeting, who stand by the door greeting each newcomer heartily, and giving them that warm hand-clasp which appeals so strongly to those who are sad or lonely. Many women, by reason of selfish or irreligious husbands, are not allowed to attend church on Sunday, and to such poor souls it is a welcome relief to slip out on a week-day and hear the singing and listen while one of the missionaries explains a portion of God's Word in a simple and interesting way. Others are detained at home on Sunday by household cares, as on that day of all days a hot dinner must be served; while others shrink from attending church because they are so reduced in circumstances as to have no Sunday clothes. To such women how welcome is the "Mothers' Meeting," where, in their working clothes, with a hood or a shawl thrown over their heads, they can go in peace and return home in time to prepare the evening meal.

At Olivet the Mothers' Meetings are conducted in the German language by two exceedingly capable German missionaries, who have been working in this field for many years. The surrounding neighborhood is very German, and women who have lived for thirty years in this district are often found who can speak no English, and can understand it only imperfectly. At least one hundred and fifty women attend this weekly meeting, and on special occasions there are as many as three hundred present. There is no particular organization. All women are welcome, and their names and addresses are taken so that they may be visited in their homes. In the summer a very inexpensive picnic is sometimes given to the women in Central Park, but the success of the Mothers' Meetings at Olivet does not depend on the advantages of any annual entertainment, or on the material help occasionally given to the members in time of need. The success of the meetings there, as in many other places, depends on the leadership. The women come because they love the beaming face of Mrs. Van Morstein, who for nearly a quarter of a century has been a welcome visitor in their homes, or the sweet smile of Mrs. Wisner, who has proved herself their friend by so many acts of Christlike service. A Mothers' Meeting anywhere would be crowded if you could find leaders like these, who hold up Christ as a Saviour and Pattern, and then show by their own lives how closely they are following him. The prayers are direct and simple, but they lift the hearers from their cares and sorrows up to One who is able and willing to help. Many a woman can testify that she came to Olivet to attend the meeting with a heart as heavy as lead, but as she listened to the earnest words about the Burden-Bearer she was able to roll her burden off upon the Lord and go back to her home with a lighter heart. The children, too, are not forgotten, and many hints are given about wise ways of training them to lives of usefulness. All this takes many hours of careful preparation, and these faithful workers would not see the large, cheerful room at Olivet so full every Thursday if they had not always something fresh and interesting for their hearers. The Bible itself is studied, and books about the Bible, and attractive illustrations are gathered, all through the week, to brighten up the talk at the Thursday meeting. And the women listen. Oh! how they listen, with eyes fixed on the leader with unwavering attention! The singing is indescribably touching; so many of the women are old that their voices sound thin and quavering as they sing, in the slow German choral style, some well-known hymn. The effect of the whole service on the women is best expressed by one who said of a similar meeting elsewhere, "I went in so tired and I came out so rested!"

An interesting feature of the Mothers' Meetings at the Broome Street Tabernacle is that once a month it is turned into a missionary meeting, and the women sew for some mission station, while the leader tells them of the condition of their downtrodden sisters in heathen lands. It is a touching thing to see the younger members sewing on garments for Africa or China, while the old women sit in a contented group knitting stockings for Alaska. At first it seems as though these women were too poor to work thus for others, but the plan has proved most satisfactory, and in thus providing for the wants of others their own cares have been forgotten for a brief space.

Gleanings

—The Rev. Robert A. Hume, with his wife, has just sailed for India, after a pleasant vacation of a year and a half (spent, however, very largely in aiding the cause of missions by voice and pen). Mr. Hume will again be stationed at Ahmednagar, where new plans for aggressive work will be pushed forward.

—The Rev. Dr. William Ernest Eigenbrodt, emeritus professor of pastoral theology in the General Theological Seminary, died last week in this city. He was born in Jamaica, L.I., June 10, 1813, was educated at Union Hall Academy, and was graduated from Columbia College in the class of 1831. He then studied at the General Theological Seminary, and entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

—The American Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance held its fifteenth annual Convention in Springfield, O., November 1–4, in connection with Wittenberg Seminary of that place; twenty-six of the thirty-five seminaries in the Alliance were represented by over two hundred delegates. There were the usual papers, addresses, and discussions. Among the speakers were George W. Knox, D.D., of Japan, and Willard D. Lyon, of the Volunteer Movement. It was voted to send Mr. James Edward Adams among the seminaries to arouse greater interest in missions, and secure, if possible, the introduction of the study of missions into the curriculum.

—It is proposed to hold in Oberlin, Ohio, during the next long vacation, a Summer School of Christian Sociology, at which ministers, editors, professors, officers of labor unions, and other leaders of public opinion may study under the guidance of eminent thinkers. As a preliminary there is being held in Oberlin this week an Institute of Christian Sociology to discuss the organization of the proposed school, and the principles upon which it shall be conducted. Among the speakers are: the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, Mr. Z. Swift Holbrook, the Rev. Josiah Strong, the Rev. Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, the Rev. Dr. H. M. Tenney, and others.

—The resignation of Dr. T. De Witt Talmage from the pastorate of the Brooklyn Tabernacle has been accepted by the Session of the church, and the organization will probably be disbanded. The Brooklyn Presbytery has been asked to dissolve the pastoral relations existing between the church and Dr. Talmage for twenty-five years. In the letter sent by him to the Session, or governing body of the church, Dr. Talmage said:

> The congregation of the Tabernacle have built, during my pastorate, three great churches, which have been destroyed. It is not right that I should call upon them to build a fourth church during my ministry. I advise that you do one of two things: Either call a new pastor, under whose leadership a new church might be built, or that you remain in organization until you can give certificates of membership to our people, so that they may, in usual form, join sister churches. As for myself, I will, as Providence may direct, either take another pastorate or go into general evangelical work, preaching the Gospel to all people, without money and without price.

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For the Little People

Bruin's Triumph

By Mary E. M. Richardson

The huge, ungainly dancing bear
Appeared subdued and meek.
Led by his master everywhere,
He capered with the utmost care;
He earned a living for the pair,
And showed no ugly freak.

The children all their money brought
And paid to see the show.
Grown-up spectators, also, sought
Good points of view, and said they thought
'Twas queer that bruin could be taught
The "light fantastic toe."

At last the patient bear took note
How very thin and small
His master was; that round his throat
There was no chain; that in his coat
His master hid each hard-won groat,
But gave him none at all.

Why this was so he could not see;
And as they trudged along,
He reasoned thus: "It cannot be
Superior strength that governs me.
What hinders me from being free,
When I am big and strong?

"If 'tis his wit, then turn about,
I'm sure, is only fair.
To gaze at him, I have no doubt,
The quadrupeds would all turn out.
Not only would they laugh and shout,
And at his antics stare,

"But pay to see them, too. So I
Will give him a surprise.
I'll just improve a chance to fly
With him into the woodland nigh;
And, when I've trained him, by and by,
I shall display my prize

"To all the furred and feathered tribe;
And he'll divert each one.
Grimacing apes, with grin and gibe,
Shall his discomfiture describe.
Perhaps some wisdom he'll imbibe
While furnishing our fun."

When bruin had matured a plan
His freedom to obtain,
The flight for liberty began.
He hugged the organ, then he ran;
He tugged along the frantic man,
Who screamed and fought in vain!

And now, to see this famous pair
Come birds and beasts in scores.
The biped, conquered by the bear,
Is led through every forest, where
He manifests his training rare
By dancing on all fours!

Thanksgiving in the Poultry-Yard

By Mary Allaire

"Well, what does this mean?" and two turkeys, young and not very large even for their age, looked at each other in perfect amazement, and with some evidence of fear. "What have we done," they asked each other, "that we should be imprisoned?" No wonder they asked. All their lives—not long, to be sure—they had behaved as well-bred, well-cared-for turkeys were expected to behave, and suddenly they found themselves shut up behind bars, inside of a big box turned on its side, with all their companions—chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys—gazing at them in pity or sympathy, or jeering, as they expressed their dispositions, just like little children.

"It is the strangest thing," said a lovely white chicken who was a great favorite with every one of this poultry community. "I"—and she could say no more. A number of the feathered folk who heard her hung their heads and dropped their wings, except those who always saw fun in others' misfortunes—you know that kind. They always laugh when you fall, or spill ink on your new apron, or drop your slate and get a bad mark for making a noise. Such folks are the same whether they wear feathers or clothes.

The imprisoned turkeys were the more puzzled at their imprisonment because they were fed much oftener than the other feathered folk. They had warm mashed potatoes; then warm Indian meal mash, seasoned just right with pepper; cracked corn was on the floor of their prison all the time. Thick milk was kept in new tin pans fresh every morning for them. They grew so fat as to be uncomfortable. There was nothing for them to do but eat, and after a time they became proud, and were inclined to treat their most intimate friends condescendingly. For these foolish turkeys thought, "We must be something extraordinary, much finer than these other fowl, to be kept so exclusively and cared for so constantly. Besides, why does John [the man who fed them] exclaim, 'They are beauties!' if we are not more valuable than these other creatures?" Then they would spread their tails, stretch their necks, and give their "gobble! gobble!" with what they believed to be aristocratic languor. Even the white chicken, whom everybody loved, shook her head sadly as she was forced to admit that the imprisoned turkeys were no longer agreeable. And thus the feathered folk lost interest. Once in a while, when the mornings were cold, and the other people in feathers would appreciate a warm mouthful of meal, there was a feeling of resentment when the pan of smoking potatoes or meal was put down inside of the bars. The jeering folk would then crowd up to the bars, and humbly ask for a mouthful or two to be pushed through the bars. But they were treated with scorn, and the other folk smiled meaningly when they came back to huddle in the sun.

One morning, when it was crisp and cold, and a warm breakfast was fully expected by these two selfish, pampered turkeys, none came. The only one in the feathered community who expressed any sympathy was the white chicken. "Really, it is too bad," she said. "When you have had a warm breakfast so many mornings it must be very hard to go without. I wish I could get it for you." "Thank you," they said, humbly. "We do feel faint. Even a cold breakfast would be acceptable." "Oh, dear," said the white chicken, "how I wish I had hands! I would bring you some corn." Both the turkeys hung their heads. How often during the past weeks would it have been possible for them to have thrown out warm potato or meal to this sweet little friend, but they had not once! While they still looked humbly down, the white chicken, whose name was Snowball, called out joyfully, in the language of the feathered people, "Goody, goody! here comes John!"

The turkeys pressed tightly against the bars and waited for John. To their surprise, he had nothing in his hands, and Mike, the other man, was with him. They walked right up to the cell of the turkeys, and John pulled out two of the bars. "My, shure, but they are fat!" said Mike. John put his hand in and grabbed one of the turkeys by the leg. It beat its wings and shrieked, but John calmly handed it to Mike, who held it head down by the legs. John reached after the other turkey, who had crowded back as far as he could, and took him by the legs and followed Mike out of the yard, saying, "There never was finer turkeys for their age."

There was a great hush and stillness in that feathered world. Snowball trembled. Presently there was a heavy thud heard just outside the barn, and then only the voice of one turkey was heard. In a few minutes there was another thud, and all then was still.

John and Mike went toward the house, each carrying something heavy. "Shure, it's a foine Thanksgiving dinner they'll be making," said Mike.

The feathered folk looked at each other, and said in their own language, "We ought to be thankful we have not had warm breakfasts and dinners, nor thickened milk." And there was a great cackling and crowing and gobbling and quacking in the poultry-yard. It was Thanksgiving morning, early.

If!

If I were the basket for holding the cake,
I'm sorry to say that I fear
The buns and the cookies and jumbles they bake
Would in a short time disappear.

If I had four legs, like a table or chair,
You'd never catch me standing still,—
I'd be dancing a jig all the time with each pair,
With a marvelous, wonderful skill.

If I were a bureau, with wheels on my feet,
The family 'd discover, I think,
Me soon rolling over the asphalted street,
Like the lads who skate down in the rink.

If I had six arms, like our big chandelier,
They'd not be so quiet all day,
But hugging my mamma and sisters so dear,
In the lovingest sort of a way.

If I were a book for a wee little boy,
Who never could read to himself,
I'd spout all my stories to him with great joy
From my place on the library shelf.

If were a pen near a big pot of ink,
I'd just have the loveliest times!
I'd go to the ink-pot, and deeply I'd drink,
And spend all the day writing rhymes.

—*Harper's Young People.*

A Royal Birthday

Just now we are all more or less interested in Japan, so that it is quite worth knowing how old the Mikado, the ruler of Japan, is. He was born November 3, 1852, and his birthday was celebrated not only in Japan, but at every place where Japan has a representative. In New York on one of the side streets downtown is the Japanese Consulate, and here on that Saturday afternoon the Mikado's birthday was celebrated by all the resident Japanese merchants and prominent citizens. On the wall in the room hung a picture of the Mikado draped with Japanese flags. As each guest entered the room he first approached this picture and bowed as though in the presence of royalty, and then he greeted the visible host of the day—the Japanese Consul. And this doubtless represents the ceremony that took place at all the consulate offices outside of Japan. In Japan the birthday was celebrated, in spite of the war, in great pomp and ceremony and rejoicing, for Japan has proved herself a powerful country. It is said that the Mikado of Japan is the purest-blooded sovereign of the world. He is the one hundred and twenty-first Emperor of Japan by direct descent of a line which began about six hundred years before Christ. The present Mikado, Matsu-Hito, ascended the throne of Japan in 1867, when he was a boy of fifteen years. He is greatly loved by his people.

A Jungle Fight

A hunter was hunting in the East India jungles, and while he was there he saw many strange sights. This man not only hunted with a gun, but he hunted by laying traps and nets for game. One day he went out into the jungle to examine the traps and nets that he had placed there, when his ears were suddenly assailed by the most hideous noises. He hurried to the spot with his attendants, and there he saw a huge bear fighting with an enormous serpent. The hissing of the serpent and the roaring of the bear filled the entire forest with noise. At last the bear conquered the serpent, and dragged it through the long grass, emitting roars of triumph.

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Post-Election Echoes

The Experience of a "Watcher"

One of the important influences in carrying the city of New York against Tammany was that exerted by the Good Government Clubs. Members of these clubs volunteered as "watchers" to see that the voting and the counting of the votes were legal and honest. I was assigned to act as "watcher" of the count at a certain polling-place in a Tammany stronghold district on the East Side. I went (armed with a copy of the Election Law in pamphlet form, my certificate as legally appointed watcher, and my good-sized Good Government Club badge pinned on my coat) in fear and trembling, not at the thought of physical violence, but at my own inexperience and incapacity. The polling-place was in a little hardware store, but the hardest ware in it was the half-drunk Tammany henchmen, who had certificates as watchers just as good as mine. The chairman of the board of inspectors was a Tammany man and was also half-drunk. One of the two policemen was a decent and capable officer, the other was unmistakably a Tammany man and half-drunk. The effect of all this half-drunkness on the work of the day was shown when, at four o'clock, the count began. There was one ballot-box for the candidates for office, and several, properly numbered, for the different Constitutional ballots. But the Constitutional ballots had been indiscriminately put into the box with the regular votes, and the poor inspectors and poll-clerks, who, with the exception of the obstreperous Tammany chairman, seemed honest and decent, were in confusion. To make a long story short, I had to show them what to do. I showed them how to sort the ballots and how to count them. I kept the tally-list, corrected the inspector's figures, unlocked and locked the ballot-boxes, laid down the law about defective ballots, and when, at the very beginning, it was discovered that more ballots were in the ballot-box than there were voters on the poll-list, I had to instruct the inspectors how to draw out the excess by lot according to law. In a word, I took entire charge of the proceedings, and, as the evening wore on, was appealed to by all hands as umpire on any disputed point. When the last vote had been canvassed, one of the inspectors —whose fatigue, coupled with the bad tobacco smoke and fetid air of the little room, had given him, as he expressed it, five headaches— put the voted ballots, which ought to go sealed to headquarters for the official count, into the great box provided for waste ballots. When I discovered this, and called his attention to it, he exclaimed in genuine agony, "For Heaven's sake, why didn't you tell me what to do!" and together we fished the ballots out of the waste material and put them in their proper place. I endeavored to be scrupulously attentive to every legal form in my own actions, although it would have been possible for me to manipulate the vote in any way I chose. All this goes to show how dishonest and corrupt watchers and heelers can and have controlled the count, and will in the future unless this Good Government watching becomes a habit instead of an impulse. I spent seven hours in that disgusting room, but when I sat down to dinner, a little before midnight, with the knowledge that Good Government had won, I felt that the experience had paid.

What Another "Watcher" Did

I watched at a polling-place in a coffin-shop on the East Side of New York City. My colleague—call him Johnson—was on hand early, and the ballot-boxes were arranged on tables so as to leave a little space behind them, where Johnson promptly stationed himself ready to supervise every act of the election officers, who seemed intelligent and honest, but weak in knowledge of the technicalities of the election law. Johnson knew these and insisted upon their observance—a course slow but safe. From the moment the polls opened, at six, voters advanced in a continuous line, crowding the narrow space. Every moment or two a blunder would be made, and my eagle-eyed colleague would point it out and enforce its correction, while I occupied myself mainly in checking off the names of those who had voted. The very air was snapping with antagonism to us, and presently came a test of mettle. From a miserable lodging-house, numbered 386, twenty-three men had registered names as voters, all of whom, after an investigation, we decided to challenge impartially. They began to appear early in the day, and Johnson compelled the very first one to swear in his vote. The second one proved so stupid and drunk that finally he was unable to vote at all. These tactics raised a storm. Tammany men crowded the room, and howled demands that we be put out; but the officers knew better, and we diminished opposition by inviting the Tammany leader to share the position of vantage behind the table. He sputtered there all day, but couldn't gainsay the law. The mental and physical strain were incessant. One typical ward-rough became especially troublesome, and when forced into order went out and brought in half a dozen others of his kind to annoy and interfere with us as much as they dared. But here, as everywhere, the exact knowledge, persistent courage, and vigilance of the Good Government men made them respected and feared. "Take care!" they were continually saying. "If you do that, or don't do this, it will be a crime, and we will never rest till you are punished." Voters and officers were guided into the right and warned against the wrong. In many cases flagrant violations of law were followed by instant arrest. The police everywhere were eager to sustain the very letter of the law. About 2:30 the scum of the district began to be steered in by the "workers," who meant to rush them through—an old trick. The rough spoken of above had kept quiet for an hour, and perhaps thought himself forgotten. Suddenly he sneaked past me, made a dive down the room, seized the arm of a voter who had just received his ballots, and hurried with him into a booth. This is probably the worst offense contemplated by the present election law. The next instant a policeman and myself were upon him, dragged him out, the voter's ballots already in his fist, and the room ringing with shouts of execration, partly of his act and partly of his arrest. The news spread, and just as the captain at the nearest police station was about to lock him up a lawyer and bailor appeared. Every voting district had them retained for the purpose. The party then hurried to a police court, and was met there by a prominent lawyer representing the Committee of Seventy, who took charge of the case, leaving me free to return to my work. The man was held for trial. When my day's work closed, at ten o'clock in the evening, I had the satisfaction both of victory for Good Government and of the first bite to eat that had passed my lips since my five o'clock breakfast.

Civic Duty in a Tenement-House

A father with two sons, old enough to vote, live in an East Side tenement in New York. During the campaign they bought a picture of Mr. Goff, the new Recorder-elect, and put it in their window. All the other tenants in the house were Tammany followers. When the picture had hung in the window a couple of days, the father was notified that unless the picture was taken down he and his sons "would get their heads broken." This threat was treated with scorn, and the picture remained in the window. The next step was characteristic. The owner of the house was notified that unless the offending tenants were put out of the house all the other tenants would move. The owner secured a dispossess warrant, which was served on the anti-Tammany men. But they were not to be intimidated. They went to court and fought the dispossess proceedings, and succeeded in having them quashed. It was the feeling, undoubtedly, that all honest citizens of New York were back of them that gave these men the courage to make a fight against this typical Tammany oppression. One who studies the election returns is impressed with the fact, indicated by this anecdote, that there was as determined a rebellion against Tammany in the tenement-house districts as in the brown-stone quarters—certainly a rebellion under greater obstacles. We hope Mayor Strong will remember his East-Side allies. They deserve remembrance.

Let us Have a Blanket Ballot

As the writer was awaiting his turn to vote, the line was blocked by a German, who, as we learned, had been sent back to his booth twice, and now had to be sent a third time to get his ballots properly folded. He had already spent fifty minutes in the operation, while the law allows but thirty; but the inspectors good-naturedly agreed to give him another trial at it rather than "disfranchise" him. The writer had a little the feeling that any man who couldn't fold his ballots right with the instructions before him ought to be "disfranchised;" but the next morning he learned from a friend of an old gentleman in a "silk-stocking" election district—a lawyer, too—who finally gave up his vote in rage and disgust. Whatever the right of this lawyer and this German to the suffrage, the rest of the community certainly has a right to be relieved from five minutes' work folding different ballots when all the names could as easily be printed on one. The prospect of a blanket ballot is one of the blessings in the defeat of Mr. Hill.

A Tammany Tribute

At a Tammany ratification meeting on the Bowery the Sunday evening before the election, Police Justice "Tom" Grady was reviling Dr. Parkhurst to the extent of his lung capacity, when the audience was simply swept from him by the laughter and applause which greeted a shout from the pit: "He's a stayer, Tom." "He's a stayer" is the Bowery equivalent for "he has the perseverance of the saints;" and that heroic virtue, which Dr. Parkhurst possesses in an eminent degree, still appeals to the hearts of the worst of men when they see it exemplified instead of hearing it preached.

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Correspondence

A Business Offer

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read your journal for many, many years, always with satisfaction and often with profit, and esteem it the most liberal journal published, presenting moral and religious subjects with fairness and candor, in marked contrast with the illiberal religious journals of the metropolis. But when you come to deal with and criticise the spiritual philosophy and spiritual intercourse, you are, to speak mildly, very uninformed upon the subject-matter upon which you write, and seem to be following the much-worn paths of the prejudiced enemies of the beautiful and restful philosophy of spirit intercourse and spirit return. I have a right to infer this much from your criticisms of an article [book, rather—EDITORS] by a Mr. Lang "On Ghosts," in the 13th of October number of The Outlook.

In the brief criticism you make you say you are not satisfied with Mr. Lang's explanations, *and desire to ask questions of your own*, such as, "Why do spirits pass through plates and stone walls? Why do ghosts wear clothes, or ride in carriages, or appear in the dress of the period in which they lived?" etc.

From a somewhat intimate knowledge of the spiritual philosophy in its many correlations, I feel competent to answer all your queries as propounded, and, with over thirty years' familiarity with the subject, I feel I can enlighten you and your readers upon this all-important subject.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

In the line of your criticism, *and to come right down to business*, I make you this proposition, which is in direct reply to your query (I quote your own lauguage), "Why is it that when spirits write, they subtract nothing from our ignorance of existence beyond the veil? Would any of us find the prospect pleasing to be liable after death to answer the call of any or many vulgar, low, and trifling mediums to talk nonsense to a circle of people we would never associate with in life?"

Forgiving the harshness and unkindness of the above criticism, and not "setting down aught in malice," I make you the following challenge to refute your statement that spirits who have passed into the beyond cannot and do not communicate as great or even more profound wisdom than when they lived and wrote in the material life. This is the challenge, and it is made in entirely good faith: You may name the ablest poem written by Shakespeare, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon (L.E.L.), Hood, Goethe, Mrs. Browning, N. P. Willis, Poe, and the Carey girls, written and published by them in the material life, and I will furnish you poems, their peers, given through exalted mediumship in my presence and hearing. The poems shall correspond to the peculiar rhyme, rhythm, and language of their authors so unmistakably that your readers would recognize them without giving the author's name.

Furthermore, you shall name for prose contributions the ablest prose article written by John Bunyan, John Wesley, Melancthon, William Ellery Channing, and Daniel Webster, in their lifetimes. I will furnish you their peers or greater, which came to me through mediumship from the spirit side of life, purporting to emanate from their spirit personality. The poems and the prose articles will answer your question, and make interesting and instructive reading to your subscribers.

The articles together will probably take up three pages of The Outlook. If you accept the offer as above, it would be well to publish this communication, and should the spirit contributions not bear out my representations, they would, of course, be rejected. H.

We thank our correspondent both for his good opinion of The Outlook and for his tempting business offer. We could not, however, in justice to him, think of purchasing such material as he describes at our ordinary rates. It would be robbing him. Indeed, if he can really produce as good prose and poetry as Shakespeare, Goethe, Bunyan, "*et al.*," wrote in the flesh, he can (no matter whether the articles and poems be written by spirits, inspired mediums, or by himself) easily make himself master of riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Publishers are fully as wide awake in these days as in those of old, and works of genius (no matter how produced) have a very high cash value.—THE EDITORS.

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Sunday-School Government

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will not some one interested in the subject write an article entitled "Democracy in Our Sunday-School Government"? It seems to me, as a Sunday-school teacher, much would be gained by having a committee of a few teachers, elected annually by all the teachers, who should talk over seriously every month or two, with the rector and superintendent, the needs of the school as a whole, or of individual children, and all plans for their benefit.

As Sunday-schools are now constituted, great freedom is given to the usually inexperienced man who is the assistant in a large parish. He does not know the children or their past studies, for assistants do not stay long in one place, as a rule; and yet he is left much to his own choice in the yearly arrangement of the lessons. Whereas, if he had the past experience of the older and wiser teachers to guide him, constant repetition would be avoided, and there would be a gain of freshness in the methods of presenting the same, and more likelihood of having new subjects. Such a committee may be necessary only in a large school, where the minister or assistant in charge of the work has not personal acquaintance with each member of the school, nor as necessary if he stayed a number of years in the church; but, circumstances being as they are, will not a better result be gained if the teachers feel with the superintendent the responsibility of deciding all matters relating to the welfare of the scholars in spiritual, moral, and social life?

The teachers who are placed in this position of trust will endeavor to represent those who raised them to it, and they will not acquiesce in propositions without due reflection and conviction. Sunday-schools doubtless do a work which can at present be done in no other way, but there might be more life, more interest, and a greater sense of mutual dependence among superintendent and teachers if they worked conscientiously together for the highest good of all. A. S. W.

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One of the four rooms at the Academy is devoted to pictures painted many years ago. Chief among them is the fine Rembrandt, "The Wife of Burgomaster Six," and near by hang Sir Peter Lely's "Nell Gwynne" in the painter's Carlo Dolce style, Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Lady Charlemont," Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Madame Adelaide," Romney's "Mrs. Wells" and "Lady Hamilton," Gainsborough's "Portrait of a Young Lady," and Gilbert Stuart's "Mrs. Sargent" (with impossible hands). There are also some noteworthy "unknowns."

We pass into the other rooms and the square corridor where hang the achievements of modern art, a garish blaze indeed. The general effect is as if our rich women had rushed over to Paris, and there, with their gold, had purchased the favor of sittings from the great painters. The resulting portraits have a general tone of being done without enthusiasm on the artist's part. They seem both commonplace and artificial, not to say vulgar and theatrical. Let us hope that many are pictures, not portraits. Again, why did all these ladies insist on wearing their most fussy gowns? Yet, as the most alarming costumes and the greatest number of jewels appear in those portraits where there is a lack both of physical and spiritual charm, it is perhaps not difficult to understand the reason for barbaric display.

Examining the portraits in detail, we find that there is enough to admire without attending to the unadmirable. The catalogue is an irritating companion, as its good plan of grouping the portraits by painters is not followed in the wall arrangement, neither are the pictures arranged consecutively. We mention a few of the best names. That painter of half the crowned heads of Europe, Heinrich von Angeli, has a portrait of Mrs. Sidney Webster in the good old soft, warm, German style. Miss Cecilia Beaux exhibits again her picture of last winter, and it seems finer than ever in its nervous repose. Benjamin Constant is represented by a picture of Mrs. Glaenzer, beautiful in the dignified treatment of the head, and one of the dozen best things in the place. Léon Bonnat has three portraits, one of which, that of Mrs. Wilson, is genuinely a Bonnat; of the last two we should prefer to be incredulous. There are five Cabanels, of which the portrait of Mrs. R. L. Cutting shows a masterly arrangement, and in the picture No. 41 (despite the tendency to a Cabanelesque flesh pallor) there is a shadow cast by the chin which does not destroy the roundness of the neck, as is the case with the work of Carolus Duran. This painter is represented by five portraits, all of which show his startling contrasts between figure and background, thus producing a forced silhouette, especially remarkable in the representations of Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Stern. The attractive picture of Miss E. V. Sloane is the most like the better Carolus Durans which have adorned the Salon of the Champs de Mars at Paris.

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About People

—The daughters of the late Jay Gould, Helen and Anna, are among the members of the Woman's Law Class of the University of the City of New York.

—It may not be generally known that Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, "Life's" well-known illustrator, is a nephew of Mr. William Hamilton Gibson, the clever painter.

—Senator Coke, of Texas, has served his State as Supreme Court Judge, Governor, and Senator. He will be sixty-six years old when he retires from office next March.

—Major Augustus O. Bacon, who is to be the next United States Senator from Georgia, will be consoled by this great dignity for his record of three defeats as a candidate for Governor.

—With the possible exception of Edison, the most prolific inventor of this century was John Ericsson. He was the originator of nearly one thousand devices, but he will ever be best remembered as the creator of the "Monitor."

—It is said in England that Mr. Stead has found a new hobby, having gone to Scotland to collect material for an onslaught on the owners of deer-forests, chief among whom is an American.

—For more than twenty-five years Mr. Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, has been living in Australia. He is an M. P. from Wilcannia, New South Wales.

—The new Secretary of the British Legation at Washington is the Hon. Hugh Gough, the eldest son of Viscount Gough and grandson of the first Viscount, the conqueror of the Mahrattas and Sikhs.

—The oldest professor in active work in Germany is said to be Professor Neumann, of the University of Königsberg. He is ninety-six years of age, and for sixty-six years has been lecturing continuously on physics and mineralogy.

—A curious coincidence is in the fact that the Germans first appreciated Berlioz, and to-day a German conductor, Felix Mottl, the Court Kapellmeister at Karlsruhe, has been asked to come to Paris and make the French acquainted with the three best operas of their great composer. They are "Les Troyens," "La Prise de Troie," and "Benvenuto Cellini."

—The papers say that President Rogers, of the Northwestern University, has ordered his students to wear their gowns every day and to always tip their hats to a Faculty member, no matter whether they know him or not. The President's final command is as follows: "With the exception of myself, all must remove their hats upon entering any of the college buildings."

—When Grant, McClellan, Burnside, and Jackson were cadets at West Point, General Joseph Roberts, of Philadelphia, was assistant professor of natural philosophy there. Of McClellan General Roberts says: "He gave more individual promise than any of my pupils of becoming distinguished, both because of the desire he showed for thoroughness in everything, and because of the tact he displayed in all he undertook."

—M. Barrias, the sculptor, expects to finish next spring the monument to Émile Augier which is to be erected in front of the Odéon theater in Paris. The work will consist of a bronze bust placed on a marble column. On the steps stands a muse—Doña Clorinde, the heroine in "L'Aventurière"—and a child holding up masks, one of which shows the face of M. Got as "Giboyer."

—In the list of surviving War Governors given recently in The Outlook an important omission was that of ex-Governor Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, who is living in good bodily health and mental vigor, having completed his seventy-ninth year last September. He was United States Senator for twelve years and Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Hayes. Governor Ramsey is still a very active man, discharging the duties of President of the St. Paul Public Library, President of the Minnesota Historical Society, and of other public offices.

—The Mikado's principal military adviser is his Chief of the General Staff, Prince Arisugawa Tahuhito. He is a prince of the blood royal, and was in command of the army when, in 1868, the Emperor took the last step towards the restoration of imperial authority. At that time he saved Tokio from pillage and fire. In 1877 he crushed the last vestiges of feudalism on the field of Shiroyama, and on his return to the capital was not only made a field-marshal but received the highest decoration in the Emperor's gift, the Order of the Chrysanthemum.

—Sir John Rigby's elevation to the Bench and Sir Robert Reid's succession to the Attorney-Generalship have now been followed by the promotion of Mr. Frank Lockwood to the post of Solicitor-General. Few men are more popular than Mr. Lockwood. The last evidence of this fact is that his political opponents at York have bound themselves not to oppose his re-election for that city. Not only have his keenness and knowledge been appreciated in and out of court, but his ready humor as well. It may be remembered that, together with Sir Robert Reid, Mr. Lockwood acted as counsel for the Irish Nationalists before the Parnell Commission.

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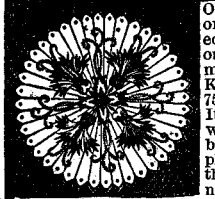

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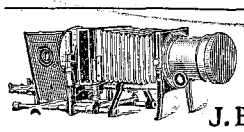

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Tourist Cars, with upholstered seats, running on fast trains, under the personal guidance of a Phillips manager, insure a quick and pleasant trip. Sleeping-Car rate to California points from Boston, $8.00; from Chicago, $6.00.
Car leaves Boston Tuesdays and Chicago Thursdays, via Scenic Route (D. & R. G.), the only line through Salt Lake to San Francisco and Los Angeles.
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THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT.
The Princess Hotel

This new and commodious hotel will open Dec. 1st. For terms, circulars, etc., address
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Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by A. C. BILICKE & CO.

CARLETON HOTEL PASADENA, CAL.
A strictly first-class family and tourist hote Centrally located. Sunny rooms. Terms reasonable.

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Accommodation for 400 guests. Occupies an entire block. Souvenir mailed.
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COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.: The Antlers
Illustrated book, describing Colorado Springs, sent on request by E. BARNETT, Proprietor.

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American ($2 and up) and European ($1 and up). Central, quiet, and homelike. G. H. LA FÉTRA, Prop.

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OPENS DEC. 15th. Write for maps, room plans, and illustrated booklet to ANDERSON & PRICE, Mgrs., Ormond, Volusia Co., Fla. Reservations made at 33 Union Square, West, Room 71, Office of the Royal Poinciana. December and January are the months when the **Groves are Laden with Ripe Oranges.**
HOTEL COQUINA OPEN DEC. 1st

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THE WINTER HOME OF PROF. RAPHAEL PURNPELLY among the pines of Southwest Georgia, 40 miles west of Thomasville. Other Northern families. Including horses, wagons, garden, and the run of Roseland Plantation, 8½ square miles. Sunshine, open wood fires, horseback riding, driving; no mud nor dust. Excellent shooting, pure milk and cream. Fine place for children and invalids. Rent moderate. Address T. B. BROOKS, Newburgh, N. Y., or Bainbridge, Ga.

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For circulars, etc., apply to F. A. BUDLONG, Windsor Hotel, New York City, or to
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ELEGANT—HOMELIKE
Hotel Altamont Eutaw Place, Baltimore
A most charming spot to spend the winter. A novel feature—sun parlor on top of house, overlooking the City of Baltimore and Chesapeake Bay. Healthiest mode of heating in the world. Chattolanee Springs Water served without extra charge. For illustrated book address The Outlook or C. WARNER STORK, Proprietor.

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
REMAINS OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Situated directly on the beach. Every convenience, including hot and cold sea-water baths and elevator.
Through Pullman Buffet Car daily via Penn. R.R.
J. D. SOUTHWICK, Manager

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The BRENTFORD

Cor. Madison Ave. and Sixth St., **LAKEWOOD, N.J.**
October to June Address Miss A. M. MYERS.

The Buckingham Opposite Laurel House
LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
First-class; rates moderate; circulars.

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N. W. Corner Clifton Avenue and Fourth Street,
MISS A. E. ODGERS. **LAKEWOOD, N. J.**

LAKEWOOD, N. J. HARRIS COTTAGE
One block east of "The Lakewood." Electric lights, open fireplaces, sun parlor, etc., and baths. Mrs. E. HARRIS.

GRAY GABLES
1st St. near Madison Ave., Lakewood, N. J.
Elegantly furnished rooms. Superior cuisine and attendance. Post-Office Box 165.

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Laurel House
NOW OPEN
DAVID B. PLUMER, Manager

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Has all improvements, and will be kept up to the highest standard. E. S. COMSTOCK.

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BAKER HOUSE, Vineland, N. J.
Pure air, pure water, no malaria. Open year round. Terms, $2 per day, $7 to $10 per week.
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The Grand Union Hotel,
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Opposite Grand Central Depot.
We study your comfort and economy. Central for theatres and shopping. Baggage to and from 42d Street Depot free.
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The Jackson Sanatorium
DANSVILLE, NEW YORK
(ESTABLISHED IN 1858.)
Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.
Personal Care of experienced Physicians. All valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation, and amusement.
Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua Cooking School.
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A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, sun-parlor, and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with baths. Dry, tonic air. Saratoga waters and winter sports. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all health appliances. New Turkish and Russian baths. Send for illustrated circular.

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If you are in search of it, the management of **The Water Gap Sanitarium** would be glad to tell you of the advantages and disadvantages of your coming to Delaware Water Gap. Address
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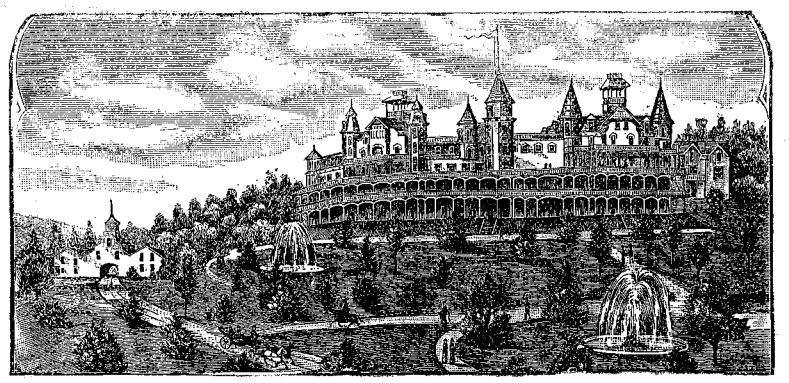
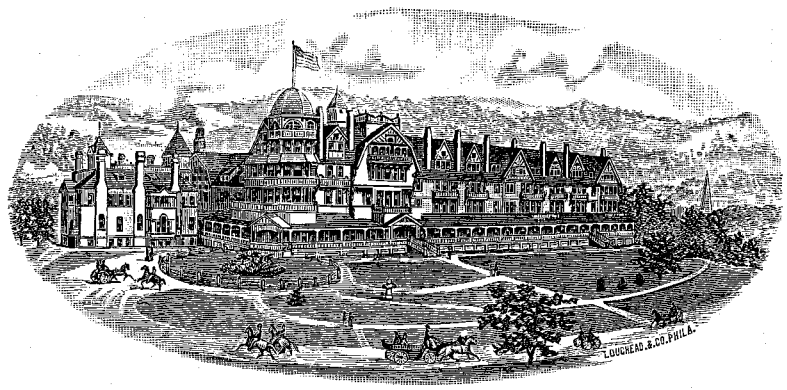
WALTER'S SANITARIUM
Walter's Park, Wernersville, Pa.

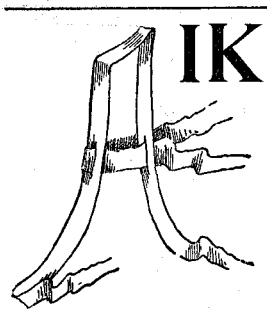


The most delightfully located of all Sanitariums. Unsurpassed as a **Winter Resort.** Steam heat, open grates, **Sun Parlor.** Easiest of access. Only 2¼ hours from Philadelphia; 20 minutes from Reading, Pa. **Views** "equal to anything in Europe or America." **Mountain Air** "equal to Colorado, without its dust." Delightful climate; the finest water. **Buildings** of granite rock, 300 ft. front, substantially fireproof. Extensive system of bay windows; hydraulic elevator; electric bells; extensive natural park (400 acres). Physicians of thirty years' experience with sanitary methods. Extensive range of appliances. Baths of varied kinds—electric, galvanic, etc. Electricity; galvanism. **The Movement Cure:** appliances operated by steam—extensive and valuable system. **MASSAGE:** We were the first to introduce this justly popular treatment twenty years ago. We teach the art.
Prices the very lowest for good accommodations. $12 to $25 per week.
Send for illustrated catalogue. Address WALTER'S SANITARIUM, Walter's Park, Pa.

Indian Summer Days are Glorious in Asheville, N.C.
SPEND THEM AT THE BATTERY PARK HOTEL



Excellent Driving, Riding, and Boating. Sportsmen can find superb quail and woodcock shooting within fifteen minutes' ride from the Battery Park Hotel. This is the Best Hotel in North Carolina, with the best service and cuisine. Photographs at Outlook Office. Rates very reasonable. For particulars write **E. P. McKISSICK, Manager.**



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Highland Park Hotel
NOW OPEN **B. P. CHATFIELD Proprietor**

Perhaps you would visit
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if you knew more of its beauties
Mr. Judson L. Scott, the Manager of the St. Elmo, will gladly send you an illustrated booklet containing a few hints. When writing ask about the *advantages of visiting Green Cove Springs in January.*

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(For other advertisements in this department see following page.)

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INGLESIDE, Asheville, N. C.

Now open for the winter. First-class in all appointments. Write for terms.

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$2 per day. Special rates by week. Electric lights, etc. Thoroughly renovated. HENRY BUSCH, Prop.

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Select winter boarders. References required and given. New house with modern conveniences. Address P. O. Box 176.

Miss SEDGWICK'S COTTAGE

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St. Thaddeus Square, Aiken, S. C.

SUNNY CLIFF AIKEN, S. C.

Mrs. Lawton would be pleased to communicate with any one desiring private board. House rented entire if desired.

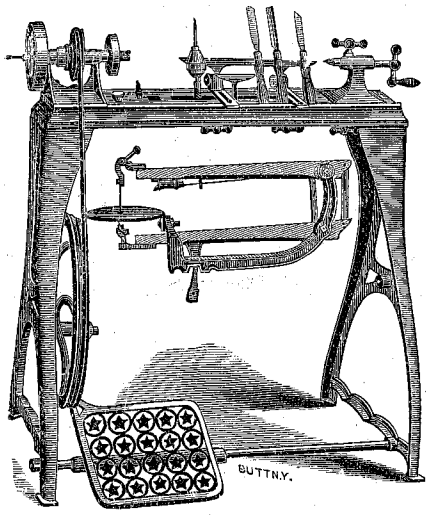
WEST VIEW AIKEN, S. C.

Private Board. Accommodates 30. Near Highland Park Hotel.

UFTON COURT, Camden, S. C.—Old-fashioned Southern home, beautifully situated, half a mile from depot, post-office, etc. Charming walks and drives. No malaria. Sandy soil and pines. For terms, Northern references, and printed matter address

Mrs. ROGER GRISWOLD PERKINS.

A Christmas Present which will Pay for Itself



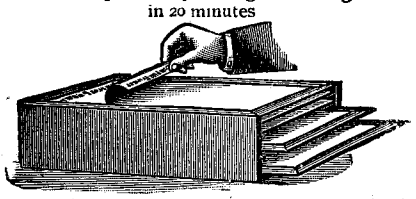
If Boys want Scroll Saws it indicates that they are of a mechanical turn of mind, and can learn to use them to advantage. While sawing is a better exercise than any kind of play, it contents the boys to stay at home, cultivates their tastes, and makes their hands skillful for any artistic or mechanical employment which they may wish to follow in after years. It will thus insure them a comfortable support if they have no other trade or profession.

We sell the best foot-power saw (called the No. 1 Rogers), with Drilling Attachment, Blower, Tools, and Designs, for $3.50. The Goodell Lathe, as seen in the above cut, costs $12.00, with Scroll-Saw Attachment and all necessary tools and designs. We are now the Headquarters for all things in the Scroll-Sawing line, including Foot and Hand Machines, Star Saw-Blades, Designs of every kind, Wood, Clock Movements, etc., etc. Send money with order for what you want, or buy from hardware dealers. Circulars with full particulars sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent postage stamp.

MILLERS FALLS CO., 93 Reade St., Y. N.

The Simplex Printer

100 copies of any writing or drawing in 20 minutes



The "SIMPLEX" is the easiest, cleanest, best and cheapest duplicating process. Its work is an exact fac-simile of the original writing.

Requires no washing or cleaning, always ready, and will save its cost over and again in sending out notices. It costs but little ($3 to $10). Send for circulars.

LAWTON & CO., 20 Vesey St., New York.

Southern Trips

If you are planning to take a winter trip or spend a few weeks or longer in a milder climate, let the Recreation Department of The Outlook help you. There is no charge. Address 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

Winter Sanatorium

H. J. CATE, M.D., Proprietor

Lakewood, N. J.

Turkish, Roman, pine, salt, iron, sulphur, electro-thermal, and all hydro pathic baths; electricity in all its forms; massage. Open fireplaces; sun parlor; electric bells; electric lights in all public rooms; Alderney milk and cream. Open from October 1 to June 1, with or without treatment. Medical superintendence by H. H. CATE, M.D. For information and circulars address Miss C. W. STEVENS, Manager.

CALIFORNIA in 3½ Days

Variable Route

Tourist Tickets

ON SALE AT

VERY LOW RATES

taking in all principal points of interest and allowing special privileges without extra cost. Detailed information and descriptive pamphlets will be mailed free on application to W. A. THRALL, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, if you mention this publication.

Agents of connecting lines sell tickets via

from Chicago. All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

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Complexion Powder

Is a necessity of the refined toilet in this climate. POZZONI'S combines every element of beauty and purity.

It is universally known, and everywhere esteemed as the only Powder that will improve the complexion, eradicate tan, freckles and skin diseases.

For Sale Everywhere.

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Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

ORANGE GROVE FOR SALE—1½ miles from Orlando, Orange Co., Florida. Contains five acres; four hundred bearing trees; comfortable five-room cottage, with barn and several outbuildings. In beautiful location, near a number of fine lakes. A desirable, home-like place. Will be sold cheap; owner going to Europe. Views of the property and full information regarding it at the Recreation Department of The Outlook or address F. C. H., No. **7,397**, care The Outlook.

LETTERS.—Lessons by the specialist in letter-writing, Chautauqua University, in writing friendly and business letters and society notes. MSS. corrected. Address F. B. CALLAWAY, care of XIX. Century Bureau of Revision, 30 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

WANTED—To board and educate, a young girl or lad; a refined home and superior education; music, Latin, higher English branches; young lady instructors; terms moderate by the year. Address for a month, EXCLUSIVE, No. **7,599**, care The Outlook.

DR. ANNA A. ANGELL, formerly of New York City, will receive into her home for the winter a limited number of semi-invalids (not consumptives). Address SUNSET COTTAGE, Hampton, Virginia.

GOING SOUTH FOR WINTER and wanting active intellectual work with liberal compensation, please write to Geo. S. Hulbert, 47 E. 10th Street, New York.

A GOOD ORGANIST would like a position for the remainder of the year. Best references. Address ANGLICAN, No. **7,597**, Outlook Office.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A fine 1,400-lb. bell. A bargain for some one. Write to Rev. A. C. GRIER, Racine, Wis.

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Beyond Dispute

The story is told that Mr. Tyler, from the time of his election to the Vice-Presidency until the death of General Harrison, kept no carriage, owing to the insufficiency of his salary. When, however, he found himself elevated to the chief magistracy of the country, the financial difficulty being removed, he determined to set up an equipage.

He bought a fine pair of horses, engaged an Irish coachman, and proceeded to look about for a vehicle to suit his taste. He heard of one which was for sale by a gentleman residing in Washington, and went to look at it.

It had been driven only a few times, and was in excellent condition, so that the President, after a careful examination, felt satisfied with it. Before finally deciding the matter he had his Hiberian coachman take a look at the carriage, and give his opinion of it.

"It's jist the thing fer your honor," reported that accomplished person.

"But," queried Mr. Tyler, whimsically, "do you think it would be altogether proper for the President of the United States to drive a second-hand carriage, Pat?"

"And why not?" asked Pat, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye. "Shure, an' beggin' your pardon, ain't it yersilf that's a second-hand President?"

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* will invariably give relief. 25c. a box.

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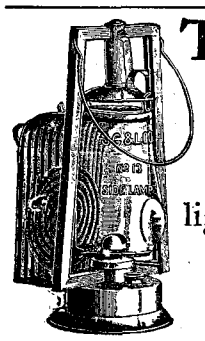
CORRECT IN STYLE.

DEMPSEY & CARROLL,

Art Stationers,

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.



This Dash Lamp lights the darkest country road.

The Tubular DASH LAMP No. 13 of the S. G. & L. Co. is equally good as a Side Lamp or Hand Lantern. Has a powerful reflector and either a plain or Bull's-Eye globe. Won't blow out in strongest wind, and can be filled, lighted, regulated, and extinguished without removing the globe. Throws light 200 feet straight ahead.

Buy it of your dealer. He has it, or can get it for you if you insist. Send for our catalogue.

STEAM GAUGE & LANTERN COMPANY,
Syracuse, N.Y. Chicago: 25 Lake St.

"Chautauqua" Desk FREE.
WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF **"SWEET HOME" SOAP**

Most popular desk ever made. Exceeds in number in use any other one article of furniture and has gladdened a hundred thousand hearts. SOLID OAK throughout, hand-rubbed finish. The drop leaf, writing bed, closes and locks. A brass rod for curtain It stands 5 feet high, is 2½ feet wide and 10½ inches deep.

THE COMBINATION BOX CONTAINS	
100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP. ENOUGH TO LAST AN AVERAGE FAMILY ONE FULL YEAR. FOR ALL LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES IT HAS NO SUPERIOR.	$5.00
7 BARS WHITE WOOLEN SOAP. A PERFECT SOAP FOR FLANNELS.	.70
9 PKGS. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER, CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE FABRIC. SIMPLE-EASY-EFFICIENT	.90
¼ DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP. EXQUISITE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN. A MATCHLESS BEAUTIFIER.	.60
1 BOTTLE, 1 OZ., MODJESKA PERFUME. DELICATE, REFINED, POPULAR, LASTING	.25
¼ DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTILE SOAP.	.30
¼ DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP.	.25
¼ DOZ. ELITE TOILET SOAP,	.25
¼ DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP. INFALLIBLE PREVENTATIVE OF DANDRUFF. UNEQUALLED FOR WASHING LADIES' HAIR.	.45
¼ DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP,	.45
1 JAR MODJESKA COLD CREAM. SOOTHING. CURES CHAPPED SKIN	.25
1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER. PRESERVES THE TEETH, HARDENS THE GUMS, SWEETENS THE BREATH.	.25
1 PKT SPANISH ROSE SACHET POWDER.	.25
1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP.	.10
200,000 FAMILIES USE IN A YEAR. THE ASSORTMENT OUR BOX PROVIDES.	
THE CONTENTS IF BOUGHT AT RETAIL, COST.	$10.00
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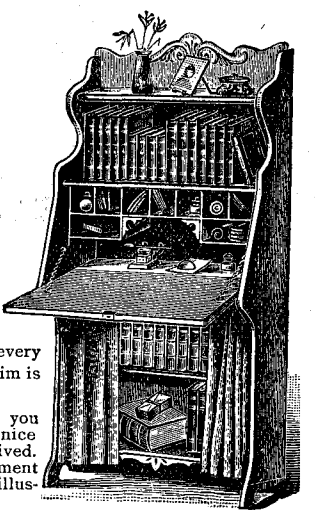
ALL FOR $10.00 DESK. YOU GET THE DESK GRATIS.	$20.00

YOU USE THE GOODS THIRTY DAYS BEFORE BILL IS DUE.



After trial you pay the retail value of the Soaps alone. All middlemen's profits are returned to you in valuable premiums, so well bought as to save you half the regular retail prices. The Larkin plan saves you half the cost. The manufacturer alone adds VALUE; every middleman adds COST. The publishers of this paper know every claim is sustained by the facts.

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment same day order is received. The publishers also know that your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the box or DESK does not prove all expected. Booklet illustrating ten other premiums free upon application.

Write your order like this, TODAY—while you think of it, or cut this out and sign it:

"You may ship me, subject to thirty days' trial, ONE COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP, with extras, etc., and the CHAUTAUQUA DESK.

☞ If after thirty days' trial I find the Soaps and the Desk entirely satisfactory and as represented, I will remit you $10.00; if not, I will notify you goods are subject to your order and you must remove them, making no charge for what I have used."

Name, ...
Occupation, ... *Street No.* .....
P. O. ..... *State,* .....

ESTAB. 1875. INCOR. 1892. THE LARKIN SOAP M'F'G CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

If you Value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE,—As a rule, I have no faith in advertised remedies, but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.—Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR**, which not only cures Consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Influenza, and all Chest Afflictions.

For years I have been entreated to make my remedy known in the United States, but my time has been too much absorbed by my European patients to allow this. Now, however, **I have been able to extend my organization** so as to bring America within the scope of my personal observation, and my desire is to make it clear to all inhabitants of the United States that they may henceforth procure from my American depot a **Cure for Consumption** which, even in the advanced stages of that most terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, etc., and should be kept in every home.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, *any one of which may be like yours*, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of **$1.00** bottle of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR.**

Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug-stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of **$1.00, $1.75, $3.75,** or **$7.00,** according to the size of the bottle ordered.

GEO. THOMAS CONGREVE
London, Eng., & 4 Wooster St., New York.
☞ *Mention this paper.*

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING
CHURCH BELLS CHIMES and PEALS In The World.
PUREST BELL METAL, (Copper and Tin.)
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

PAINT YOUR ROOFS WITH DIXON'S SILICA GRAPHITE PAINT

Water will run from it pure and clean. It covers double the surface of any other paint, and will *last four or five times longer*. Equally useful for any iron work. Send for circulars. JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

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The Business World

The Bond Issue As we go to press, the financial world is fully convinced that a Government bond issue is immediately forthcoming. Many bankers believe that in the present condition of the money market an issue of fifty million dollars of the five per cent. ten year bonds would be largely over-subscribed on a three per cent. basis.

The Stock and Bond Market Believed in by the great majority, but derided by the minority as sentimental, the effect of the election is seen in the stock and bond market, since no other events have occurred to bull or bear prices within the past eight days. The advance in the whole list of railway stocks has been over 1½ per cent., and that in the bond list 2 per cent. There was a large consequent realization of profits during the week, greatly increasing the volume of business and giving to Wall Street something of its old activity. This profit-realization served somewhat to check the advance, but even the decline in loans reported on Saturday by the New York City banks did not damp the market's inherent buoyancy. The upward movement in stocks was most noteworthy in such advances as two points each in Louisville and Nashville, Canada Southern, Denver and Rio Grande preferred, Lake Erie and Western, Manhattan, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Lackawanna, Norfolk and Western, Northwestern, Northern Pacific preferred, P. C. C. and St. L., C. C. C. and St. L., Omaha, and Union Pacific; three points each in Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington, Delaware and Hudson, Missouri Pacific, and St. Paul; four points in Rock Island, Susquehanna preferred, Lake Erie and Western preferred, Minneapolis and St. Louis preferred, Jersey Central; and six points in Lake Shore. The money market is also improved somewhat, call money being now at 1 per cent., with the exceptions at ½ of 1. As to the grain market, wheat has moved up 1⅜ cents, but corn has weakened. Rye has been quiet, and barley firmly held.

Government Crop Report The report just issued by the Department of Agriculture of the rates of yield per acre makes the disappointing corn average of 19.7 bushels, the lowest rate since 1881. Last year at this time the yield was 22.5 bushels, and upon a much larger harvested average. 16.1 bushels per acre is the average yield of buckwheat, that of last year having been 14.7 bushels. 100 being the standard, the quality is 90.3. The average yield per acre of potatoes is reported as 62.3, as against 72.2 last year. The quality is 84. The yield of hay averages 1.15 tons to the acre as compared with 1.32 last year. The quality is high, as is shown by the percentage of 94.5. The indicated average yield per acre for the entire cotton belt is 191.7 pounds. Nearly all the crop has been secured and much of it sold.

Railway News At their last meeting the directors of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway (the "Panhandle" route) decided to pass the dividend on the preferred stock, and the price at once broke five points to 41. It is said that the Company has wisely determined to build up a surplus fund before attempting to resume dividends. A new arrangement is about to decrease the Wheeling and Lake Erie's coal haul to Lake Erie by at least twenty miles, as the Valley road, running between Cleveland and Canton, is to be reorganized in favor of the former company. For several years the Valley road has been controlled by the Baltimore and Ohio, and the bondholders interested in the reorganization are pushing the foreclosure (for which a suit is now pending) in order to secure control. The new corporation which the reorganization committee propose will, have a capital of seven million dollars, and will issue bonds not exceeding four millions, bearing interest at 5 per cent. The committee announces that a majority of the first mortgage bondholders have already assented to the reorganization plan. The decision of Judge Foster, at Topeka, is a defeat for the Protective Committee of the Atchison stockholders, who, having failed to obtain sufficient proxies to elect their own board of directors, claimed the protection of the laws of Kansas (where the company was chartered), which provide for cumulative voting at corporate elections. It seems, however, that these laws were passed subsequent to the grant of the company's charter. Railway gross earnings for October reflect a decrease as compared with the same month last year of five and a half per cent.—a loss due almost wholly to the decline in passenger traffic, October having been about the most profitable month of 1893 to the railways because of the large Chicago Fair business.

Copenhagen a Free Port On Friday of last week Copenhagen was formally declared a free port. The expected ceremonies in connection with the event were omitted in consequence of the Czar's death. The Danish Minister in Washington states that the change does not extend to the tariff rates upon imports, but offers such advantages to shippers that it will probably greatly increase the commerce of the port. The tonnage dues upon vessels entering the harbor are now removed, and only a normal pierage tax imposed. The warehouse accommodations are extensive, and shippers are thus enabled to store their goods at slight cost for reshipment to Baltic ports, without paying any duty.

Russian Rye The Minneapolis "Market Record" says: "If the situation in this country be left out of the account, and the position in foreign countries used as a basis for estimating probable values, there seems little to hope for in the way of important increase in prices. The rye crop of Russia usually makes about one-half the production of the world, and there seems to be little doubt that it is very abundant this year, especially if the low price prevalent in that country is used to judge from of the probable yield. Rye is selling in St. Petersburg below the price of hay. On the other hand, the German crop is smaller than last year, but the total production of Germany is very light as compared with that of Russia. Oats and barley, too, in the latter country are very abundant and cheap, so much so that exports have been made from Russia of barley to New York to take the place of corn for feeding purposes. The uncertainty with regard to such matters, and the extent to which wheat and barley might take the place of corn, render any present calculations upon the probable consumption of the former unsatisfactory. In the meantime there is little prospect that immediate prices will be affected by the use of wheat as a substitute for corn, whatever may be the later result."

Heaviest November Wheat Stocks Ever Known On the first day of the month the total unavailable stocks of wheat in this country and Canada were nearly one hundred and eighteen million bushels, an increase of over sixteen million bushels during the past month, making the heaviest November wheat stocks on record.

The Chinese Loan The much-heralded Chinese loan has finally been brought out in London. Its security is significant when we read that the issue price was 98 for this 7 per cent. interest bond.

Per Capita Circulation According to the last Treasury report, the per capita circulation, estimated on a population of 68,887,000, is put at $24.27.

FINANCIAL

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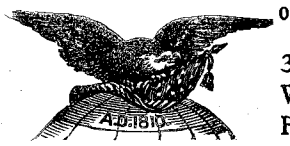

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Election Night in a Newspaper Office

Mr. Julian Ralph in "Scribner's Magazine" has a graphic article under the above title, from which we quote:

"The first news, even from close at hand, is always of one pattern. It consists of the returns of the brown-stone Republican districts, where there is only one vote or two to each house. It is easily counted, and so it is the first in hand. Along with it come calculations by the Press Association reporters—sent in on manifold sheets, and reading like this: '48 *districts, official, give Republican vote of* 3,942; *Democrat,* 1,879; *same districts last year gave Republican,* 3,796; *Democratic,* 2,100.' The chief one of the men who is taking the city returns is a born mathematician. He knows and loves figures, and handles them as Morphy played with chessmen. He employs ingenious, labor-saving, peculiar and personal ways of dealing with them, and these blind dispatches that rain in on him to the number of 600 or 700 during the night, he subjects to his logarithms and formulas with what looks like invulnerable patience, until—twenty times in the night—they tell him a growing and a widening story of ruin for one party and triumph for the other. At such times he seeks out each man engaged in similar work and says, 'Did I tell you that Maynard was running behind the Democratic ticket? Well, he's running 10,000 behind.' Later, he made it 12,000, then 15,000, and at last about 20,000 behind.

"In the meantime the office begins to fill with people never seen there except on election nights, and with men who come only when great news is stirring. The latter were the New York correspondents of the great newspapers of the country, and of Canada and England. These were business-like. They whispered to the managing editor. They wanted figures, they wanted proof-sheets, they wanted the editorial utterance of the paper that was to appear next morning, and they wanted reasons for the turn the voting was taking in Brooklyn and Buffalo, where the people overturned the governments. Others were the editorial writers, among them those who only work in the daytime and those who never come to the office at all, but send their essays in by mail and messenger. They know little of the methods of any department of a newspaper except their own, and the fact was betrayed in their uneasiness, their surprised look when they saw the main workroom brilliant, lighted as the streets at noon—and crowded; with a hush upon it that they did not expect, suppressing their after-dinner tendency to talk. They noticed, too, that the office-boys vouchsafed them no deference, but elbowed them out of the way. And when they essayed to joke with the Washington correspondent and the Albany man, one of those gentlemen said: 'Yes—yes; but I am busy; excuse me.' With the editorial writers had come some notable public men found at the clubs and eager to come down and get the news—a Federal Senator, a bibulous Western editor, a judge or two, and a General of the regular army. There is no reverence among newspaper men. They know humanity too well not to see beneath the mere uniforms and robes by which men are told apart. So, presently, these gentlemen withdrew to the *sanctums* where the art manager and his assistants bustled to and fro among them in order to display the bulletins out of the windows. But the notables endured the discomfort, while one of the editors went to and fro, getting outlines of the exciting election from the managing editor."

—M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire has just turned his ninetieth birthday. This grand old man, one of the most eminent Greek, Indian, and Sanskrit scholars, the translator of Homer and Aristotle, leader in '48, a life Senator, and the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, conversing recently with a correspondent regarding his age, said:

I have no reason to complain of my health; I still work a good deal and shall work till my last moment. It is now seventy years since I began my career, and if I am not quite as active as I was, I still manage to rise at 4 in summer and at 6 in winter. After a cup of coffee and a piece of toasted bread I go to my study, where I spend most of my time reading and writing. A cup of soup and some fruit is my midday breakfast. At 6 I eat a dinner of two or perhaps three dishes easily digested, and shortly after I go to bed. I drink a little weak wine and water, and occasionally a glass of cognac. I do not smoke. My eyesight is excellent. I understand nothing but work, and if anybody wishes to attain to my age, he must never cease working, and abandon the idea of ever retiring from labor. I am sure that is the secret with Mr. Gladstone, with Prince Bismarck, and with the several old men who are at present holding honorable positions among their fellow-citizens. Those who talk about *otium cum dignitate* are lazy people, who are good for nothing. Work, work! That should be the motto of everybody who desires the welfare of his country and himself.

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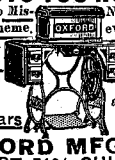

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The Spectator

The Spectator, in paying a visit to an old college friend, one of the editorial staff of a leading New York magazine, chanced to come upon him when he was at his busiest. On his desk lay a pile of proof-slips, which, it was explained, were the "revised" proofs—that is, proofs in which typographical errors and variations from copy had been corrected—of a forthcoming story by a celebrated author. Yet, although the proof-reader had done his work, as the quick eye and answering hand of the Spectator's friend traveled quickly down a long slip, a series of queries, suggestions, and substitutions marked the extent of further thorough revision.

❀

Prompted by curiosity, the Spectator asked to look at one of these re-revised slips. The errors were many of them simply careless, showing slipshod work, such as "that" for "but that;" "had been originally" where "originally had been" was much better; "reclaimed for sober lives" instead of "reclaimed to sober lives." But the re-revision was not confined to mere minor amendments of style, or to obvious corrections. All doubtful statements of fact were challenged, as, for instance, the population of Constantinople as given. Any doubtful phrase, which sounded well but would not stand examination, was also queried; for instance, the phrase "darksome desert." The Spectator's friend had close at hand all the tools for quick as well as accurate revision—a pile of ready-reference handbooks to save him from the necessity of consulting a big encyclopædia. And what "a walking encyclopædia" he himself had to be, to detect at a glance a possible error of fact, to say nothing of faults of style; and what a wonder of constant alertness as well!

❀

But the work of revision does not stop with the Spectator's friend. The proof-slips have still to be submitted to his superior editor, who passes upon the corrections, suggestions, and substitutions noted, and adds any of his own as they occur to him. It is a wise author, thought the Spectator, who will recognize his own production after it has run the gauntlet of that office! The Spectator expressed the hope that authors improved as the result of such lessons in thoroughgoing revision. The Spectator's friend declared that the reverse of this was the case; that authors retrograded steadily in exact proportion to their success in securing publication for their articles and stories in this magazine. They were encouraged in habits of laziness, knowing that they could rely on editorial revision to save them from the results of slipshod work. "In short," said the Spectator's friend, "our system may be called one for the discouragement of literary perfection among authors."

❀

It is, of course, refreshing to find anywhere in this practical world evidence of such excessive pains to maintain an ideal standard. But the old American question, Does it pay? would force itself upon the Spectator's mind. It recalled to him something that a writer of general editorials for the New York "Sun" once said to him. This man was not a regular member of the staff, but sent in contributions from wherever he happened to be. His remark was this: "Mr. Dana always reads over all editorial proofs before any editorial appears. If, after I have mailed an editorial, some word comes to me which would better express my meaning in a particular place than the one I chose, that word is sure to be substituted when the editorial appears. Mr. Dana is the most remarkable example of a perfect reviser that I have ever known. I do not believe a better is possible."

❀

The Spectator and his friend, the magazine editor, discussed another subject—the old subject of measuring verse or prose by its length and paying for it accordingly. The friend said that he once conceived the idea of securing the views of a number of literary men on this matter, and of publishing these views in the form of a symposium. He hoped that in this way some new method other than space-measure might be suggested, and be accepted. The first representative literary man he approached was Mr. Howells, the novelist, who is always good-naturedly ready to entertain any idea of a fellow-craftsman, even though a stranger. In reply he received this letter, which the Spectator has his friend's permission to show to readers of The Outlook:

40 West Fifty-seventh Street, April 8, 1894.

My Dear Sir:

I find it as absurd as you do that poetry should be paid by the word; or prose either, for that matter.

Some standard there must be, however, and I think the editor will find this in his sense of beauty in the verse he buys, and of value in the writer's name. I believe he will generally be glad of a modest suggestion as to price from the author.

This seems to be about all I have to say.

Yours truly, W. D. HOWELLS.

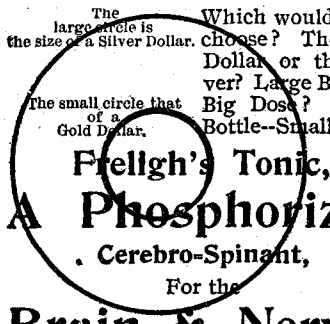
That letter settled it. The "modest suggestion" theory was fatal to any further possibility of change, when one considers how glad the overcrowded editor is of an excuse to reject even a rather good thing. The Spectator's friend stopped his symposium plan with Mr. Howells's contribution.

❀

Speaking of literary matters, the Spectator heard a rather curious "coincidence" story the other day. It concerned a young American lady now visiting friends in London. She was taken out to dinner at a large party by no less a person than Lecky, the historian, but found him "impossible" as a conversationist. She turned to the gentleman on the other side of her, a much younger man, and asked him the question which every one was asking then: "How do you like 'The Prisoner of Zenda'?" He simply said: "I do not care to answer, for I wrote it." She thought he was only "drawing" her, and spiritedly replied, "I don't believe it." For answer he pushed his card over to her. It read: "Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins." Luckily, she herself liked the story, and she found Mr. Hawkins as charming a talker as he was a writer.

❀

"Oh, Mr. X., see those two children!" This exclamation of the secretary of the friend in whose law-office he happened to be for the time being, roused the Spectator from his lazy occupation of reading an account of the police trials, and brought him to the office window to see, down in front of old St. Paul's, surrounded by a crowd such as Broadway so quickly can collect, two tiny, bareheaded strays—a yellow-haired, pink-frocked little girl, and a sturdy tot of a boy in blue blouse; the faces of both, rather dirty and streaked with rivers of tears, were upturned to a tall policeman, who, stooping over, was evidently trying to learn where they lived. The conference soon ended, and officer and children started toward the police station. The Spectator, watching them turn down Fulton Street, pictured the little ones frightened and uncomforted, until he saw the policeman stop suddenly before the corner candy-stall, and, diving deep into his pockets for some small coins, buy and *actually pay for* two big pieces of candy, which straightway found their comforting way into two eager little mouths. As the procession moved on, the policeman's hand resting gently on the boy's curly head, while the little girl held fast by the boy's blue blouse, and both contentedly munched their prize, the Spectator came to the quick conviction that, if there were policemen in New York who knew how to take bribes, there were also those who knew where it was safe and wise to give one.



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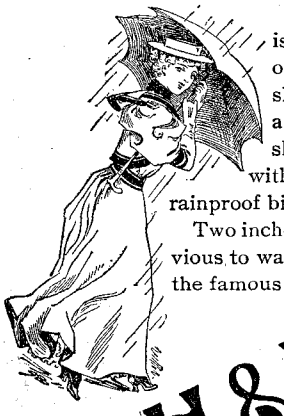

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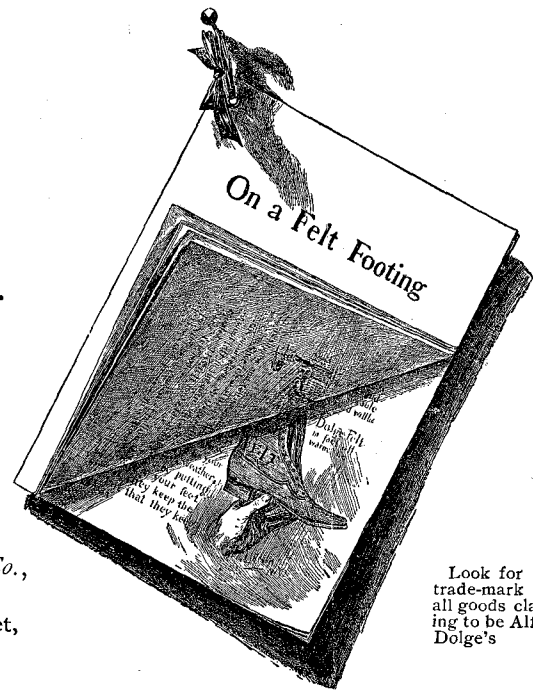

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